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Engaged for Money.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one." Ah, yes!
There may be such a thing indeed,
But for me, I must confess,
Two souls with not one single thought
In common, is the case just here;
Two hearts that beat in different time,
And mine—indifferent quite I fear.

Ah, me! there was a time when I
Imagined love was something true,
When life was sunshine o'er and o'er,
And joys for me formed ever new.
The river-bank whereon we sit
To-day, with pulses dull and slow,
Was once the trysting-place where two,
With clasped hands, watched the waters flow.

But all two soon that dream was o'er;
I learned a lesson hard, though true;
The romance of this life is short,
And love, I find, is shorter too.
So now my hand I've given away;
My heart?—well, that remains my own.
I wonder if the old man dreams
I marry him for wealth alone?

Lou.

There's a little joyous-hearted girl, to see whom is a blessing,
That lives a square or two from us, upon our quiet street;
Her merry face is bright beyond the painter's sweet expressing,
And trippingly as dactyls move her tiny, twinkling feet.

She seems as if she had never known a childish care,
And the soft October sunshine is tangled in her hair.

Above the din of noisy girls I catch her radiant laughter,
Beneath the dusky lindens on the long, long summer days,
And see her foremost in the romp, with dozens running after—
The first beam glancing through a cloud chased by a troop of rays.

'Tis but a poor similitude—the bravest would not do—
For music, perfume, starlight, all seem commonplace for Lou!

At morning, when, with many books, I meet her on the way to
Her school, I often wonder what they teach my little friend;
The lessons she herself might teach are wiser far than Plato—
Simplicity and truth, the means to compass wisest end;

But much I wish the privilege as tutor I might claim
To ask her softly *dinner-roun?* and hear her answer *fuine.*

And sometimes when at church I see her happy, trustful features,
A tender, wayward thought will come between me and the psalm,
That like to such a little child must all we erring creatures
In simple-minded faith appear, with passions hushed and calm,
Before the Eternal Truth shall break upon our sight so dim—
For such an one the Savior saw, and bade come unto Him!

A QUAKER DETECTIVE.

We were five passengers in all—two ladies on the back seat, and a middle-aged gentleman and a quaker on the middle, and myself in the front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprighly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom in his zeal to do he rather overdid the agreeable — bowing, and smiling and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive at this time of life, of a "crick" in the back. He was evidently a gay lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simply "yeas" and "nays." As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker on and listener.

Towards evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, without being a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by an abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished, no doubt, visibly at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied; "for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to re-assure them.

"No! that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed, "only when one is responsible for the safety of the ladies, you know such a thing as a pistol in reach would add materially to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as using carnal weapons?"

"Yes," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the elderly lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with plundering them?" added the younger in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance: "and we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, so nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and had succeeded so well by the time night had set in that all had quite forgotten or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which he took from his pocket a box of newly "invented cough candy," and after passing it to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high encomium of the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which he insisted depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped while two faces, hideously blackened, presented themselves, one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow, two lady-like screams from the back seat, but 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over if things go on smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger in his blandest manner.

"Oh, certainly! they shall first be attended to, and shall not be required to leave their seats, unless their conduct renders it necessary.

"And now ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible without much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest got out. The middle-aged gentleman's turn came first. He submitted, with a winning grace, and was robbed liked a very Chesterfield.

My own affairs, like the sum I lost, are scarcely worth mentioning.

The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocketbook and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves; so after a hasty "good night" the robber thrust his pistol into his pocket and, with his two companions, one of whom had the reins of the leaders, was about starting.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than of request.

"Stop! What for!" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of Derringer's cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker exclaimed. "And if any one of your sinful companions advance a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window and the one at the leaders' head thought it a good time to leave.

"Now, get in friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat, but first deliver up thy pistol." The other hesitated.

"Thee had better not delay, I feel the spirit move in my forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle seat.

The driver, who was frightened out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess. "You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I'm not a Shaking Quaker, if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather the 'Old Hickory's stripe,' I should say," retorted the lively man. But the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables the conversation flagged.

Sooner than we expected the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects until we should reach the place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at that point. He proposed a postponement until after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure, and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to the men, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, upon the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go in search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the Derringers was levelled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or foot and you are a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand with directions to fire at either of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on the Lothario, from whose pocket, in less time than it takes to tell it, produced every item of the missing property to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service."

DIABOLICAL THIEVES.—The *Journal des Debats* quotes a letter dated Nijhi Novgorod, in which an account is given of a daring robbery perpetrated by thieves of that place. The correspondent says: "On the 3d of September at 7 o'clock, the great theatre which contains one thousnd persons, was full. The piece represented was a favorite one, entitled "Crime and its Punishment." Among those present were the leading military and civil officers, the head of the police, and a large number of police officers. While the first act was being played, and the attention of the spectators was fixed on the stage, a report was suddenly heard, a slight smoke filled the upper part of the theatre, and a cry of "fire" was raised. Everybody rushed to the doors but only one was open. Terror became general when this was discovered. The crowd was enormous, and persons were thrown down and trampled upon. The thieves who had combined to cause this alarm took the opportunity of seizing whatever they could lay their hands upon. They tore earrings from the women and stole watches and studs from the men. This scene lasted for about ten minutes. the people employed in the theater and the police made it known that there was no trace of fire. When tranquility had been restored, inquiry was made respecting the articles stolen, and it was found that the value exceeded 100,000 roubles. Several persons were killed; three men and a woman were taken to the hospital dangerously wounded, and an actress received a very serious wound. The thieves contrived to escape.

DISGUSTED.—A retired French tradesman was lately much disgusted at finding various valuable personal articles mysteriously absent from their proper places. Residing with him was an old servant, who had lived in the house thirty years and a nephew. It was impossible for him to suspect either, and yet there was not the slightest ground for supposing that the robberies had been effected by any one outside the house. He resolved to watch. To his consternation he ob served, one or two nights after, the nephew, in his night-dress, descend, take various valuable articles, and proceed with them to a summer-house in the garden. On his return the uncle confronted him, being duly prepared, we may suppose, for a "scene." he was disappointed. The nephew appeared utterly unconscious of his affectionate relative's presence, and passed quietly up-stairs to his room. Next day the uncle tazed him with his extraordinary conduct. The nephew denied all knowledge of it. The summer-house was searched, and in a cellar beneath it all the missing articles were found. It is bad enough to have either a somnambulist or a kleptomaniac in a family, but the two combined is really a trial which we trust, for poor humanity's sake will remain rare.

A REPORTER'S CREDENTIALS.—The St. Louis reporters have queer credentials to public entertainments. A few days since one made application for entrance to the fair grounds. The following conversation thereupon ensued between him and the guardian of the gate: "Got a ticket, sir?" "No, sir." "Well, you can't go in then—stand aside." "But I'm a reporter for the *Globe*." "Show me your credentials." "Well, here are three passes on the Iron Mountain Railroad, one on the Belleville branch of the Cairo Short Line, one on the St. Louis and Southeastern, one on the Fifth street road. Here's a copy of the *Globe*, a ticket on a Chinese laundry, a restaurant bill of fare, two toothpicks, a clean hankerchief, a bunch of keys and a pipe." "Pass in, sir."

"Speech is silver, but silence golden." Hence the expression, hush money.

Emperor William of Prussia.

Kate Field furnishes a Paris paper the following pleasant gossip about Kaiser William: "I don't know whether it be the effect of victory, but certainly I never saw such a satisfied looking people as these Germans. Their complacency is absolutely exasperating, and I do not wonder that sanguine Frenchmen are driven almost wild by the sight of a Prussian helmet. A settled 'rock of ages' expression about their faces expresses eternity rather than time, and to associate death with such impertubable life seems almost impossible. As to the Emperor, he carries out the idea of everlasting life by being as active at seventy-five as most men are at fifty-five. He is sun, moon and stars to every German man, woman and child at Ems.

"That the Emperor's mind is eminently practical shows itself constantly, and that he dislikes ostentation is proved by his life at Ems. Dressed quietly in a suit of 'pepper-and-salt,' he appears among the people accompanied by a member of the court; drinks his water at the spring like every body else, shakes hands with his friends, bows to every body and discourages ceremony of all kinds.

"When the Kaiser first went to Ems he sent for all the physicians, receiving them most cordially, and sitting on the end of the table during the entire interview. Upon taking leave of them he said: 'Remember, gentlemen, that when you meet me you are not to know me, for I am a poor man and cannot afford to buy many hats.' This was a polite way for telling the gentlemen that it was a great bore for him to return salutations and that he had rather not be recognized. No physician of Ems will be found removing his hat at the approach of the Emperor.

"His reference to poverty is not unfrequent. Upon the birth of one of the Crown Prince's children, a courtier with whom he chanced to be walking drew the Imperial attention to a trinket, remarking that it would be a suitable present for the happy mother. 'Ah no,' replied the cautious Wilhelm, 'that would be a bad precedent, for if my daughter goes on adding to her family as she has begun, I should eventually be ruined. I am too poor for such extravagance.'

"Not long ago he received a beautiful gold and silver escritoire, as a token of gratitude from a wealthy banker whom he had ennobled for largely endowing a hospital. Gazing at the superb gift Wilhelm remarked: 'My subjects are better off than I am. I cannot afford to make my friends such costly presents!' 'I dined with His Majesty yesterday,' said a German, whose position is not higher than that of a hotel treasurer. 'He is very frank and friendly.'

"The Kaiser frequently gives dinners to the officers stationed near, or visiting here, and in fact any person in the Government employ, either civil or military, is eligible to this distinction, which is considered ample compensation for exceedingly meager salaries. The Kaiser is very like his photograph, only he is not as good looking as represented. Erect and soldierly in his carriage, portly, but not obese in figure, he resembles an English country gentleman, or a solid, shrewd man of Boston. What his chin lacks in force his head makes up in obstinacy, while there is an extreme thickness of neck and breadth of cerebellum that indicate unusual fighting proclivities and a bull-dog tenacity. I should say it would be difficult to pound a new idea into his head or an old one out."

A Nation of Pigmies.

To the south of Kaffa and Suss, there is a very sultry and humid country, with many bamboo woods, inhabited by the race called Dakos, who are no bigger than boys ten years old, that is, only four feet high. They have dark, olive-colored complection, and live in a completely savage state, like the beasts, having neither houses, temples, nor holy trees, like the Gallas, yet possessing something of an idea of a higher being called Yer, to whom, in moments of wretchedness and anxiety, they pray —not in an erect position, but reversed, with the head on the ground, and the feet supported upright against a tree or a stone. In prayer, they say:

"Yer, if thou really dost exist, why dost thou allow us to be slain? We do not ask thee for food and clothing, for we live on serpents, ants and mice. Thou has made us. Why dost thou permit us to be trodden under foot?"

The Dakos have no chief, no laws, no weapons; they do not hunt, nor till the ground, but live solely on fruits, roots, mice, serpents, ants, honey, and the like, climbing the trees and gathering the fruit like monkeys; and both sexes go completely naked. They do not marry, but live indiscriminative lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little parental instinct; the mother nurses her child for a short time only, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. They have thick, protruding lips, flat noses, and small eyes; the hair is not woolly, and is worn by the women over the shoulders. The nails on the hands and feet are allowed to grow long, like the talons of vultures, and are used in digging for ants and in tearing to pieces the serpents, which they devour raw, for they are unacquainted with fire. The spine of the snake is the only ornament worn around the neck, but they pierce the ears with a sharp-pointed piece of wood.

IN RUSSIA.—Little grain is raised in Russia, above St. Petersburg, and that little, so damp is the climate, must be kiln-dried for preservation. In some localities barley is sown as far north as Mesen; but it is only three or four times in a century that the season is warm enough and long enough to bring it to perfection, and it is usually cut as fodder for the cattle. All these latitudes depend mainly for their cereals upon the richer harvests of the south; but their rivers are stocked with fish, myriads of wild-fowl find a home in the woods and by the lakes, mushrooms abound, and the swamps are filled with cranberries and whortleberries that ripen despite the frosty air. The wealth of this region, from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Ourai, is in its forests and fisheries. The people are wood-cutters, hunters, fishers, workers in metals, charcoal-burners, preparers of tar and pitch and potash, makers of mats and of various utensils from the bark of the linden, and of coarse linen and cordage from the flax and hemp of their low-lying fields.

A VERY BAD CASE.—A Detroit woman with the rheumatism consulted a clairvoyant, who went into a trance and wrote the following startling description of the case: "I find your case is one that baffles scill. The disea is complycated; the spine is mutch diseased; have hurt it by a fall. The liver is ulsurated, cause you to rais a thick mewcuss. Your hed sympethizes. You hav spels of feeling dizzy, and the scrufula in the blood, which has destroyed the vitality, causes some tendency to dropsy. The throat is affected with Katarr in the hed. You can, with proper treatment be helped. I hoap this is not too late to Benefitt you; if you want treatment I will attend you at wonce."

According to the *Gazette de Cologne*, the consumption of opium in the United States has latterly increased to a frightful extent, the importation of the drug having augmented from 4,073,744 ounces in 1870, to 5,041,946 ounces in 1871

The Holland Dutchman.

The adventurous Dutchman in early life goes to Java, where he patiently remains fifteen or twenty years, makes his fortune, hands over his sugar mill and coffee plantation to son or nephew, and returns to the country of levels, water, and windmills, to spend the remainder of his life. Under similar circumstances an Anglo-Saxon would buy a villa on Lake Como, a shooting box in Scotland, or a château in the south of France, with winter quarters in Rome, London or Paris. The Dutchman prefers to pitch his home in soggy acres of motherland, in the midst of fog and rain. His eye wanders peacefully over the expanse of green and water, without craving anything more. The rain floods the land as far as the eye can reach, and he views it with the happiness of the turtle. His boot sinks deep into the saturated grass, and he has the air of one who walks over the sod of a compact lawn. To watch the rich vegetation growing out of the greasy, porous soil, the grazing of the plump sheep and the great black beeves, and the spiral smoke of his pipe—this is the cup of pleasure full to the brim. The tropical riches of the hills and valleys of Java become a vague dream; here the Spanish castle has been reached. The Javanese life was probationary; this is the realization—the house with a canal dug around it, a garden teaming with vegetation, a drawbridge with an arch bearing a Biblical inscription or a Hollandic proverb. Here is abounding platitude of soil and speech; here is happiness.

The soggy lethargy is the Dutchman's buckler. A shrewd Yankee invades the kingdom with a "patent," selects his man, and talks to him with his habitual clearness and vivacity for several half hours. The article is good, labor-saving, money-making, and such as the native should have. Why does he not take it? With dull, impassive expression he replies that he does not want it. The New Englander tries to make an impression on other minds, but without effect; then he hastily packs his trunk and leaves for other fields. This is the fate of an aggressive nature on Dutch soil, and the Yankee does not abide. Let the invention or improvement be what it may, "he does not want it." It is the Hollandic "*non possumus.*"

In the canals, which are drains as well as public highways, no dredge boats are used for keeping the depth requisite for navigation, but the mud is pulled up by hand in leather pouches attached to long poles. I spoke to a burgomaster of the saving of time and money, and the greater efficiency there would be in using the steam dredge for this purpose. "Then what would become of our laboring men?" answered he. "They would be thrown out of employment and would become a charge to the community."

HE WAS LEFT.—A genuine touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following from a correspondent in Detroit: "A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman stepped out of the cars to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed: "There! my old man's got left! he has!! there, see he has!!! Wa'll, she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad on't—it's always been "Mammy, you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left!" all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't." "Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted by a round of laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'"

MILITARY TRAINING IN FRANCE.—It has been decided to transfer the supervision of all the youths educated in the *lycees*, or French public schools, to military *repetiteurs*, or tutors. The tutors, as the French designation partly indicates have, till now, been drawn from the professors of the Sorbonne, and entrusted with the care of the collegians during the hours of study. Their duty is to watch over the discipline of the establishment, and to attend to the education of the pupils by making them repeat or rehearse their work prior to the public examinations. The new tutors will be composed of retired officers and adjutants selected by the Minister of War. Every college will have a captain as general superintendent, whose special duty it will be to preside over the preparatory school. He will also have to inspect the drilling exercise of all the pupils. He will be second in authority only to the provisor, or master, and receiver, besides his retiring pension, a salary of 1,500 francs, with board and lodging in the college. Under his immediate orders will be placed six lieutenants, who will receive a salary of 1,000 francs, with an indemnity of 500 francs for board and lodging. Besides these officers there will be six adjutants, whose duty it will be to superintend the sleeping-rooms, passages and gymnastic exercises. They will receive a salary of 800 francs, with board and lodging. In short, the rising generation will be handed over body and mind to the military arm.—*London Telegraph.*

TOGETHER.—After the action near Breslaw, in Silesia, between the Prussians and the Austrians, which preceded the battle of Lissa, and before the two armies met in this latter contest, a French soldier in Frederick's service, who had just deserted, was stopped, and conducted to the king. "Why did you leave me?" said Frederick. "Because," answered the soldier, "your affairs are too desperate." "Well replied the king, "go back to your colors. We shall have another battle soon; and if I lose it, come and find me out, and you and I will desert together."

SNAILS.—The snail cultivators near Paris have their pastures well stocked again, we are told. The peasants in the Champagne direct drive a thrifty business by catching all the snails they can and selling them to the regular snail-growers, who shut them up in a fattening park and feed them on various dainty salads until they become too large to pass through a ring of regulation size. They then send the snails to Paris, where they are eaten as a great delicacy, under the name of Champagne oysters.

POISONOUS CANDY.—The English people are again suspicious of the attractive-looking sweetmeats which lead their young ones into temptation and bring them into trouble. A Newcastle chemist has been analyzing some of the stuff and has published the results, and as a matter of course the people are shocked, and wonder how the confectioners can do so, forgetting that if they did not buy the candy with the brilliant colors, it would not be made.

Hints to Housekeepers.

The woman best fitted to make the fireside happy, is she whose mind is well stored with practical and useful knowledge, is accomplished without affectation, retiring and modest without prudery, frank, free and gay, without frivolity, and thinks her husband the greatest man the world ever saw or is every likely to see. Faith in the latter involves a thousand endearing qualities in a wife, which we have not time to enumerate. In a country like this, where there is no established order of aristocracy, where fortunes change hands so frequently, there are but few families, the female head of which is not required to attend to the economy of the household; to be a good housekeeper is therefore, to be reckoned a principal accomplishment in the girl for a wife. If fortune happily secures her from the necessity of partaking of the duties of a housewife, the knowledge of direction will be invaluable, for servants are almost uniformly careless. Indeed, when we consider the selfishness of human nature, it is perhaps unreasonable to expect hirelings to guard the interests of their employers as faithfully as they would their own. A great deal of waste occurs in the kitchen, therefore—for instance, in the boiling of meats. The cook will throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat, or scrape the dripping pan into the swill pail. Now the grease is useful in many ways It can be burned in lamps, mixed with lard, or, when no pork has been boiled with it, made into candles. Bits of meat are thrown out which would make hash. Bones are burned that would make soap. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, or the bread pan left with dough sticking to it. Pie crust is laid by to sour instead of making a few tarts for tea. Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when oftentimes they might be steamed for the next day. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely. Apples decay for want of looking over. Dish cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Soap is left in water to dissolve. If Bath brick, whiting, rotten stone, etc., are used, much is wasted uselessly. So much for practial illustration. All the instances of carelessness we have enumerated are trifling in themselves, but, together with many more which could be mentioned, make a formidable whole. Thus the mistress of a house will often allow her husband's money to be wasted, thinking, the while, that because she dresses more plainly than some of her neighbors, she is a most superior economist.

THE GREAT GRAIN ARTERY.—A Rochester paper says: "Those who have been led by false statistics and specious arguments to fear that the great grain trade of the Northwest is in danger of being diverted from its natural channel of transportation and will find its way to the seabord, via Montreal, the Mississippi River or other routes, would do well to pause and reflect before regarding their opinion as definitely fixed. The receipts of grain at Buffalo up to the present time are no less than last year, making due allowance for the lateness of the opening of navigation in the spring and just now shipments which have been delayed in the hope of a reduction of freights, or from other causes are pouring in at an unprecedented rate. During forty-eight hours there were received at Buffalo 1,386,000 bushels of grain. A very large fleet of grain laden vessels is also on its way from the upper lakes, and some of them are constantly arriving. In referring to the business of the canals the Buffalo *Courrier* says: "It has been exceptionably good, although it has not been as profitable to the carriers as that of the lakes. The shipments of grain by canal since its opening have already exceeded 35,000,000 bushels which is but 500,000 less than had been shipped last year at this time. When we consider that the season has been two weeks shorter this year than last, owing to the later opening of the canal last spring we have reason to be satisfied. Comparing the business for the same number of days in each year, the shipments are much larger this year than last." These facts go to show that nothing that has yet been said in regard to a diversion of the grain trade is worthy of serious consideration."

THE FISHERMAN AND THE SEA SWALLOW.—An interesting association exists between the sea swallows and the fishermen of Lake Palageri in Lapland. In the centre of this lake is an island on which the fishermen build their huts in summer. At early dawn the sea swallows gather round these huts, and their cries admonish the occupants that it is time to begin the day's work. The boats are hardly loosened from their moorings when the birds start out to find a spot where the fish are abundant. The boatmen are governed entirely by the movements of the swallows. When the birds stop and redouble their cries, the fishermen know they have found a spot where they will be repaid for their labor. They hasten forward, cast their nets, and soon have the satisfaction of finding them well filled. In accordance with the old maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire, the swallows receive their share of the booty. Every fish that the fishermen throw up in the air is gracefully caught by the birds; and, indeed, they are so tame that they sometimes come into the boats and help themselves out of the nets. If one spot becomes non-productive, the birds lead the way to another. Toward evening men and birds return to the island, and the birds hasten to clear the boats of the share left behind for them by the fishermen.

COLORADO.—In Colorado poets seem to be a natural outcropping of the soil, though at present the growth seems imperfect. Imagination is largely developed, though with some deficiency in the sphere of accuracy, or perhaps we should say sobriety of statement. We take the following from a local paper. Perhaps it is slightly high-falutin' as to the fertility of the soil, but that will be pardoned:

Is it where the cabbages grow so fast
That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
Is it where through the rich deep mellow soil
The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
Is it where each irrigating sluice
Is fed by water melon juice?
Is it where every thing grows to such monstrous size
That the biggest stories appear like lies?
Tell me, in short—I would like to know—
Is this wondrous land called Colorado?
You're right, old boy, it is!

THEY DID IT.—Away out in the northwestern corner of America dwell a hardy people who are full of resources and are seldom to be balked in their purposes. A man of mature years in Vancouver who had a wife from whom he had been separated, lately bestowed his well-tried affections on a girl of fourteen, and as the girl's father took the liberty to object to her receiving them, the precious pair went to work to prove that the old man was crazy and incapable of managing his own affairs. The girl swore to this statement and a guardian was appointed who readily consented to the proposed marriage. We may be wrong in calling attention to such a dangerous precepeat, but forewarned is forearmed.

A Gambler Balked by a Child.

A man nearly fifty years old, named Alexander Deming, living on Labrosse street, and owning a vacant lot in the Sixth ward, worth $1,500, got on spree about a week ago, and fell into the hands of two rascals, who deserve at least a ducking. One of them is a young man named Kidder, a machinist, and the other a stranger in the city, but a friend of Kidder. When Deming started out he had about $60 with him, and his intention was to purchase a cow of a man on Woodford avenue. He was met by Kidder, asked to drink, and then the two sat down in a saloon on Michigan avenue and began to gamble. So infatuated did Deming become that he did not return home but once in four days. Kidder won his money, watch, and then two notes of hand for $13 and $27 each.

When Deming had nothing more to put up he gave his own note of hand for $20 and lost that. This was Saturday noon. One of the men got a blank deed, filled it out with a description of Deming's real estate and then filled him up with liquor, lent him one hundred dollars and offered to play him for the property, they to run the chances of the wife signing. The man accepted the offer, and before dark had lost the money and the deed. Then, while the stranger lent him money to keep him playing, Kidder went to Deming's house and presented the paper for the wife to sign. She is not able to read, and, he told her that it was her husband's life-insurance policy, and that she must sign it or she could never get the money in case of his death. She was about to sign, when one of her children read the words "Warranty Deed" aloud, and she caught the idea of what the rascal was about. She seized a chair, and in a moment sent the scoundrel out doors. Not content with this, she followed her two blocks, clubbing him at every jump, and then got her neighbors to bring him husband home. The two men started for an officer to have Kidder arrested, when he handed over the watch and agreed to refund the money, but ran away Saturday night without so doing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE MUSTANG.—The *Signal*, published at Venturn, Cal., thus enumerates the valuable points of this horse: The mustang or native Californian horse, like the Indian, will soon be numbered among the things of the past. With all his defects, he has qualities and points of rare value, and that should be preserved. He can thrive and subsist where the American or English blood would starve, is fleet and sure footed as the mule, while his power of endurance under saddle are unequaled. He is small of stature, but as symmetrical as the Arabian; wild by nature, and often vicious, but always spirited, and, with proper training and kind treatment, frequently exhibits all the affectionate sensibilities of the best breeds. It is no uncommon feat for him to carry a good rider one hundred miles in a day, and it is claimed that many of them can go much further in that time. We have specimens that at the age of sixteen were as gay and fiery as the best blooded five year olds, and that would kill the most enduring of them on a short or long journey. As saddle horses they are preferred by all who know them best, as they are also for all light work. It has always seemed to us passing strange that no attempt has ever yet been made in California to preserve the admirable qualities of this ancient stock of horses in their purity. To permit them to ignobly perish, as now seems likely, would be as singular as unfortunate. Whoever undertakes and succeeds in bringing him up to a higher perfection, or preserves his present merits, will earn a name and a fortune.

CUSTOMS IN GENEVA.—One of the queerest of Genevese customs is their manner of conducting their auctions. When a man bids, a wax taper is lit, and his bid holds good as long as the taper lasts. A taper is lit for every bidder. Of course the last and highest bidder has the best chance. A long-side of the auction should be placed the other queer custom the Genevese have, of making the world, as far as in them lies, to stand still for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. Nothing can keep your ordinary citizen of Geneva from throwing every thing aside at noon, and going to dinner. The banker locks up between twelve and two, going on with business in the afternoon. Even the coachman, that you have taken by the hour, will want to leave you between twelve and one. The fact is, there has been nothing on the Genevese stomach but bread and coffee since the night before. It is unquestionably the meagreness of their breakfasts which makes them so prompt to disappear between twelve and two.

A REMARKABLE RIVER.—The Platte, is a remarkable river. On our way through Nebraska says a correspondent, we followed it for nearly three hundred miles, flowing there nearly east, and now, having crossed the first range of the Rocky Mountains, we find it again in the Laramie Plains, hundreds of miles nearer its source, here flowing nearly north, whence, after a long distance, it swings around, passes through a gap in the Black Hills, and makes its way eastward and southeastward through Wyoming and into the western part of Nebraska, where it is joined by the South Fork, and is thenceforward the main Platte River mentioned above. Some idea of the size of the territory we have in this region may be formed by the fact that the Platte and its tributaries drain a region of country larger than all New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

HIS CONVICTIONS.—Napolean had earnest ideas of life, to say the least. "Do you dread the war as endangering my life?" he asked. It was thus that in the times of conspiracy, attempts were made to frighten me about Georges. He was said to be every where upon my track: that the wretched being was to fire at me. Well! suppose he had. He would at the utmost have killed my aid-de-camp. But to kill me was impossible. Had I at that time accomplished the decrees of fate? I feel myself impelled toward a goal, of which I am ignorant. The moment I have reached it, as soon as I am no longer of service, an atom then will suffice to put me down. But till then all human efforts will avail nothing against me. Whether I am in Paris, or with the army, is therefore quite indifferent. When my hour comes, a fever, or a fall from my horse in hunting, will kill me as effectually as a bullet. Our days are numbered."

SUMMER HEAT.—The last summer season has exhibited unusual conditions throughout the world. The heat has been excessive through the northern hemisphere, in America, Europe, India, etc., so much so, indeed, as to involve a great loss of life directly by sun-stroke, and indirectly by a greatly increased mortality from other diseases. Excessive rains have prevailed in various parts of the United States, while others have suffered from unusual drought. It is many years since there have been such terrific exhibitions of thunder and lightning, many individuals and large numbers of domestic animals having been killed, while tornadoes of great severity have been very prevalent.

The Rewa of ashness.

The *Revista* of Naples contains the following account of the loss of two gentlemen in the crater of Vesuvius, who with great temerity insisted on being lowered down to the dark cavern immediately below the orifice of the crater: "A party was formed to ascend Mount Vesuvius in the Caffe di Europa. The party consisted of two Americans, three Englishmen, and one Frenchman. They took carriages from the caffe for Resina, reaching there at half-past eleven P. M. Having procured horses, guides, and other necessaries, they started for the burning mountain and began the ascent, one Luigi Garoglio leading as cicerone, and arrived at the base of the uppermost cone further than which horses do not go. The tourists then began the ascent over the hillocks and boulders of lava until the vicinity of the crater was reached, when Messrs. James Wilcox and Francois Le Mieur, an American and a Frenchman, insisted on being lowered down to the cavern which is formed below the mouth of the volcano. The guides, who provided themselves with ropes for that purpose, complied with the request of the foreigners and lowered them down. The mountain being perfectly quiet no danger was anticipated; but when one of the party above the crater called out to the rash adventurers, no answer was returned. The guides growing anxious, cried, "Gentlemen, it would be better for you to hold on to the ends of the ropes." Still the ropes remained slack, and no answer came from the sulphurous and murky cavern below. Twenty minutes passed and the adventurers were yet silent. It was then proposed that one of the guides should be lowered down and hold on to the ropes until he had investigated the appearance of the cavern base. He had hardly entered when he cried out loudly: "Su! su! non c'e niente che una pietra strettissima!" ("Up! up! there's nothing here but a very narrow rock!")

As far as any living person can tell the rest, the unfortunate strangers, the victims of their own imprudence, were hurled into the mysterious abysses of Mount Vesuvius.

In this same month, sixteen years ago, two Englishmen of birth and fortune, and a French comedian committed the same terrible error. The same ambition which urged them to scale the icy heights of the Matterhorn also nerved them to search insidious Vesuvius while it slept, and they were either lost in some labyrinth of lava and ashes or smothered by vapor of sulphur.

How Ah Sin Keeps the Day.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says it is the custom among Chinese house servants to stipulate with their employers for a portion of Sunday, on which day they visit their countrymen in the Chinese quarter, talk over the news from home, have their heads shaved, go through with their genuflections and salaams in joss houses, smoke opium, &c., some of them closing up the day's performances by getting rid of their week's wages in the Chinese gambling houses, which are so thickly located along Dupont street. The sidewalks swarm with these gregarious beings, whose nature it is to huddle in flocks on the surface and burrow in bands beneath. Their dens are hives of industry on week days, and rooms reeking with smoke on Sundays. A visitor who ventures inside has to step over the prostrate bodies of opium smokers, and feel his way through clouds of smoke, meantime holding his nose against a sickening stench of fetid breath, decayed fish—in short, a conglomeration of odors nowhere to be found outside of a cellar reeking with the fumes of a crowd of Chinese. For the sake of the delectable pleasure to be found in such places, John frequently refuses to take good situations in the country; like Bridget, he must be in town, where he can at least once a week see his "cousin." The Chinese have hosts of relatives, uncles and cousins—especially the latter—are counted by the score. They regard as cousins those several removes further than a white man ever thinks it worth his while to inquire. These "cousins" are generally friends, all belonging to the same commercial company, and when they meet on Sunday, the jabbering is energetic beyond description. All day and late in the night John keeps up his round of visits among his cousins, but manages to be on hand Monday morning, ready for work, which he generally performs cheerfully, and with fidelity.

Holland a It Is.

Buffon said Holland was the lowest country of the globe, but he was mistaken. The greatest depression in the earth's surface is found in the plains about the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Had he said the lowest in Europe, he would doubtless have been correct, as a large part of the land is thirty feet below the surrounding sea level. The greater part of the country is composed of the mud of the Rhine, as the soil of Egypt has been formed from the deposits of the Nile. What has not come from the many-mouthed Rhine is the gift of the sea. Holland dikes against the sea from without and the rivers from within, and these streams present the same difficulty as the Mississippi—the gradual rising of the bed from alluvial deposit, and

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Nov. 8, '72

TERMS.—The REPORTER is published weekly at $2 per year, in advance, or $2.60 when not paid in advance. For six months half these rates.

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Any person sending us the names of six new subscribers, with ethcash, will receive the REPORTER one year free.

The Constitutional Convention.

The convention for revising the constitution of this state, will meet in a few days. The people look to that body for such reforms as will correct the abuses they have been subject to by bad legislation and the intrigues of politicians and men in high places.

The legislature must have a curb—the people of this commonwealth are skinned and fleeced by the fraud which sits at Harrisburg every winter called the legislature, to legislate for the people's good. It must be shorn of all the room it has for licentiousness. Take the same number of men from our penitentiaries, and let them do our legislating, and we would have just as much done for the public weal as we have received at the hands of our state legislatures, for the past ten or fifteen years. Take two-thirds of the men who each winter fill the chairs as senators and members of the house, and put them into the eastern penitentiary, and there would be no injustice done, in fact, they would be more properly where they belong than some who now fill the cells. Let loose an equal number of convicts, and the people in general would have less to suffer, and be all the richer, for where one convict has robbed an individual of one dollar, our legislative pinchers and roosters have robbed the people of thousands.

Private legislation and jobs must be prohibited by the new constitution.

The new constitution should prescribe an oath for members of the legislature, by which they swear to receive no compensation, directly or indirectly, for the support of any measure or for voting for or against any bill before that body.

The power of Committees to withhold and kill bills, in spite of a majority, should be prohibited. The repeal of the infamous Philadelphia building commission bill, after passing the senate, was choked and killed by hired members in the house committee, which never let it see daylight. This has been the fate of hundreds of just bills. In the committees is where the most villainy is committed, and where the pinchers and roosters have their field.

Every officer connected with the State government, from governor down, should be required to take an oath similar to the above.

We want something that will ensure fair elections. If the convention can offer a plan by which frauds, repeating, and ballot-box stuffing can be prevented, that, of itself, would be worth all the cost of the comming together of the convention. Let a residence of at least three months in a district, be required, before a man can vote; this would prevent colonizing. Let all attempts at ballot-box stuffing and other fraudulent modes of defeating the will of the people, be made punishable by heavy fines, imprisonment, disfranchisement, and disqualification from holding any office.

Let it be provided that the legislature meet only once in two years, and then for a period of not more than sixty days, unless an extra session is called by the governor, in which extra session no measure shall be legislated upon, except such for which the extra session shall have been called.

These are a few of the many needed reforms. Let us see what will be done by the convention.

Woodhull & Clafflin's *Weekly*, after a short suspension, has again made its appearance. The issue that reached our office a few days ago, is what may be termed "rough"—rough on Henry Ward Beecher—and "rougher" still for the ladies—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull and Tennie Clafflin—if ladies they be—who publish such indecent stories, as the *Weekly* has about Beecher being too intimate with Mrs. Theodore Tilton. We doubt the whole thing, and think that the women pubpublishers manufacture the story against Beecher, in order to gain notoriety for themselves and their paper.

If the Beecher-Tilton scandal is true, it is indecent and criminal, to print it in the obscene manner in which those women have it in their paper. No woman who has any respect for herself, or her sex, will father such stuff, and it is about time that the grand-jury of New York pronounce Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly* a nuisance. The shameless advocacy of free-love, put out in the most vulgar and indecent manner, as we find it in the issue referred too, warrants the suppression of the paper, as an indecent publication, and a decent regard for society and a purer literature demand its suppression.

How it was Done.

L. D. Shoemaker, and several other prominent Radicals, in and about Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county, were arrested after the late election, charged with "bribery and corruption," in relation to the contest. That fact was published in the Democratic State papers, but treated by "Ring" journals as a mere election rumor, a dodge of the beaten party to account for their overthrow. At the same time it was predicted that the matter would not be pushed to an examination, owing to a want of evidence to substantiate the allegations.

But the "Ring" was mistaken. The charges were pushed with vigor and determination, and evidence of a most damaging character submitted against Mr. Shoemaker. Patrick Cordoran, a Judge of elections in the Twelfth ward of the city of Scranton, swore that "previous to the election he saw Mr. Shoemaker, and told him, he, Corcoran, was Judge and Michael Judge was Inspector of Elections. Shoemaker then asked how many votes could be polled, and we said that there were not more than six or seven Republican votes in the district. He said that he had two agents appointed to settle up his election business. Mr. Shoemaker said that he was a candidate for Congress at that election. He said he was surprised that some of his agents had not seen us before. We had a talk with G. M. Miller, Receiver of Taxes, and John Stewart. They told us to go and see Mr. Shoemaker ourselves. We said about 250 votes would be polled in our district. He asked if we would not give him a majority then. I told him we could give no majority, perhaps could balance the vote. Mr. Shoemaker there at that time offered each of us $10, and said we could get some more before election, for the purpose of defraying expenses. I saw the money in Shoemaker's hands. He took it out of his pocket-book. It was after he knew we were election officers. The next thing he said that if we took any of the money not to change any of it in Wilkesbarre, or it would be known by his own bank. John Stewart, of Lackawanna township, was at my house a few days before election, and agreed to give Michale Judge and myself, $175, if we would give Shoemaker a majority in the Third district of the Twelfth ward. We said we could not give him a majority, but we would try to balance the vote. He said Mat. Miller would be around the night before the election and pay some of the money. I did not see Mat. Miller. Judge and I did sit on the election board. Judge, the Inspector named by Corcoran, corroborated in full the above statement, and strengthened it by some fresh and strong details, fastening the charge distinctly upon Mr. Shoemaker. Mr. Eckhart testified on the same investigation, that he was introduced to a man who said he was acting as Shoemaker's agent, and was authorized to offer three dollars for votes for Shoemaker for Congress, and three dollars and a half for votes for Hartranft. Other witnesses gave evidence to the same general effect, showing that money was freely offered for votes in Scranton by persons working for Shoemaker's election. Corcoran also swore that Shoemaker at the first interview said: "Couldn't you manage to balance the votes in counting the tickets?" Stewart said we could fix the votes in counting them and give a majority for Shoemaker as large as we wanted to. I told Stewart that it would look very badly to give Shoemaker a majority where there were but six or seven Republicans votes."

Hugh Mara shot Revenue Inspector Brooks, in Philadelphia, in the interest of the Whiskey Ring. Pardoned for this by Gov. Geary, he shot Alderman McMullen. He belongs to the Pennsylvania Ring, just as Haggarty, the Voucher Thief, belongs to the New-York Ring. We said, before the October election, that the story of Pennsylvania pardons would be incomplete without the pardon of Mara, the political assassin. But Mr. Swope, District-Attorney and servant of the Ring, did better; he brought Mara into court, and by a series of adroit tricks with the law, sent forth this man, who bears the blood of two half-accomplished murders on his hands, a freeman and a citizen. Yerkes is pardoned, Mara is cleared of crime, and Hartranft lives—a prosperous gentleman. Is there any such thing as law or justice left in Pennsylvania? Why should we ask? Simon Cameron is an honored citizen and a Senator of the United States?

Death of Mrs. Horace Greeley.

(First Dispatch.)

New York, Oct. 30.—The wife of Horace Greeley died at four o'clock this morning.

(Second Dispatch.)

New York, Oct. 30.—The death of Mrs. Greeley took place at the residence of Mr. Alvin Johnson. Yesterday evening her symptous inspired some faint hopes of her recovery, but during the night she had two chills, after which she was very easy until 4 o'clock, when she passed peacefully away. The funeral will take place from Dr. Chapin's church, at 12 o'clock on Friday.

Death of Mrs. Greeley.

(N. Y. Express.)

The death of Mrs. Greeley, while it is a great shock to her many friends, and a deep sorrow to all her husband's friends, is also a release from severe bodily suffering. The community sympathizes sincerely in this affliction not excepting most of those who differ from Mr. Greeley in politics; but hardly those, we fear, who for months during his wife's illness have poured out such a torrent of abuses upon his head. We may at least hope that so great a domestic calamity for the few days left of the canvass abridge some of the personal asperities which this election, above most others, seems to call forth. The grave, from which no man escapes, may also well stop the voice of calumny and open the hearts of all to the conviction that more men in this world mean well than do ill, and though this good intention is not enough to satisfy the demands of extreme justice, it at least ill becomes the least perfect to be harsh judges of the dead or their survivors. We know little of Mrs. Greeley's life, but she was the beloved wife of an eminent public man, and the beloved mother of daughters who have watched by her bedside through long months of pain full illness and until release came in the great summons of the grave. In such griefs often the survivor dies, while those who have ceased to live on earth find release from pain here and joy hereafter.

The maiden name of the deceased was Miss Mary G. Cheney, and her marriage with Mr. Greeley was announced as follows in the New Yorker, of July 15, 1836:

"In Immanuel Church, Warrenton N. C., on Tuesday morning, 5th inst., by Rev. Wm. Norwood, Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the New Yorker, to Miss Mary G. Cheney, of Warrenton, formerly of this city."

The acquaintance between the parties commenced at the Graham House, New York, and when the lady, who was by profession a teacher, had taken an engagement in North Carolina, it was carried on by correspondence with the happy result stated.

Mr. Greeley thus gives a pleasant description of the manner in which his wife managed her domestic economy.

"My wife, whose acquaintance I made at the Graham House, and who was long a more faithful, consistent disciple than I was, in our years of extreme poverty kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions, never even deigning an explanation to her friends and relatives who from time to time visited and temporarily sojourned with us; and as politeness usually repressed complaint or inquiry on their part, their first experiences of a regimen which dispensed with all they deemed most appetizing could hardly be observed without a smile. Usually a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boild rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adue, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality."

Steamer Missouri Burned at Sea

Ninety-one Souls on Board,—Only Twelve Saved—The Rest Supposed to Have Perished.

(First Dispatch.)

New York, Oct. 30,—The Atlantic Mail Company's steamship Missouri, from New York to Havana, was burned at sea. Eighty lives were lost.

(Second Dispatch.)

Key West, Oct. 30.—The steamer Anna, which arrived here this afternoon from Nassau, bronght intelligence of the burning of the Atlantic Mail Line steamship Missouri, en route from New York to Havana. Of all the persons on board only twelve are known to be saved. The captain and crew of the ill-fated vessel are said to be among those who perished.

The River Po Rising—People Starving on House Tops.

TURIN, November 1.—The River Po continues to rise, and the inundation is spreading. Families are flying and those who cannot escape are starving on house tops and in trees where they have taken refuge. The streams are filled with carcasses of cattle and wrecks of houses and barns. The town of Reggio, fourteen miles from Medina, has almost entirely disappeared beneath the flood.

D. L. Rhone, esq., of Luzerne county, is the delegate to the constitutional convention who has tendered his seat in the convention to Mr. Buckalew. Mr. Rhone has performed this graceful act with the patriotic desire of securing to the state the valuable services of Mr. Buckalew in the work of reforming the constitution of Pennsylvania. The announcement that Mr. Buckalew will certaiuly take his seat in the convention will be received with general satisfaction. It is a position which he personally preferred greatly to that of governor.

Confession of a Murderer.

The Brookville Jeffersonian gives a lengthy description of the arrest on Sunday last of a self confessed murderer and horse thief named Hiram Daley. The culprit states that in the year 1867, he was one of the party who murdered a man named Sproul, in Washington, Washington county, Pa. that they murdered him for his money and procured $45, and that they tied his wife to a bed to prevent her from raising an alarm. Upon the strength of this confession, Esq., Steiner committed him to jail.

Sheriff M'Pherson also telegraphed to the Sheriff of Washington county, informing him of the confession of Daley, in regard to the murder of Sproul, and asking for some information.

These telegrams received confirm Daley's statement, and there is no doubt that the mystery which has clung to a foul murder for the past five years will now be completely cleared up.

THE HORSE DISEASE.

New York, Nov. 5.—The horse disease is rapidly abating in this city, and the streets seem to have their usual number of horses. A large number, however, still show running noses and other slight symptoms of the distemper. There was not so great a mortality yesterday as on Saturday, but many deaths. The disease began to show yesterday in Brooklyn, with new and alarming symptoms, attended by swelling of the legs and discharge of blood from the nose and ulcerated throat. Twenty deaths reported.

A Baltimore special dispatch says: There were no vehicles to be seen in the streets yesterday.

Washington, Nov. 4.—No street cars are running to-day; very few hacks are in service. Nineteen-twentieths of the horses here are suffering in a mild form. Several deaths are reported. The malady has also reached the mules, and vehicles are driven slowly, and the animals otherwise treated with care.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—There is no new feature in the horse disease. The weather is again cloudy and cold. An occasional vehicle drawn by horses is seen on the streets. Quite a number of ox teams have made their appearances attracting much attention.

Norfolk, Va., Nov, 4.—The horse disease has disabled nearly all the laboring horses here, and many in the surrounding country. The street cars have stopped running.

New York, Nov. 4.—There is an increased number of horses on the streets to-day; also an increase in the number of cars running on the different rail road routes. The disease is evidently abating, but it will be some time yet, from the condition of the horses, before the disease disappears from the city and neighborhood.

Several stage companies have brought suit to restrain Bergh, of the Cruelty to Animals society, from stopping their horses and arresting their drivers. The argument was adjourned to Wednesday.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The President's horses are sick. Man power has been substituted for horse power in many cases. The mail departments are thus carried. The departments suffer from the sickness of their horses.

National Pensioners of the Grant Family.

The nepotism which has characterised the President's Administration has passed all bounds. The following is the latest revised list of the pensioners:

I. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, Postmaster at Covington, Ky.

II. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark,

III. Brevet Brigadier-General, F. T. Dent, Presidents brother-in-law, one of the illegal military secretaries at the White House.

IV. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law, Appraiser of Customs at San Francisco.

V. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, exclusive Indian Trader in New Mexico.

VI. Jugde Louis Dent, President's brother-in-law, official office broker.

VII. Alexander Sharpe, President's brother-in-law, Marshal of the District of Columbia.

VIII. James F. Casey, President's brother-in-law, Collector of Customs at New Orleans.

IX. Silas Hudson, President's cousin, Minister to Guatemala.

X. Peter Casey, President's brother-in-law's brother, Postmaster of Vicksburg, Miss.

XI. Alex. Sharpe, Jr., President's brother-in-law's son, cadet at Annappolis.

XII. Orlando H. Ross, President's cousin, clerk in the Third Auditor's office, Washington.

XIII. Fred. Dent Grant, President's son, Second Lieutenant Fourth Cavelry.

XIV. A. W. Casey, President's brother-in-law's brother, Appraiser of Customs, New Orleans.

XV. Nat. A. Patton, son of President's mother's second cousin, Collector of the port of Galveston, Texas.

XVI. Geo. B. Johnson, President's cousin's husband, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District of Ohio.

XVII. Benj. L. Winans, Presidents's cousin's husband, Postmaster of Newport Ky.

XVIII. D. M. Lamper, M. D., President's second cousin; first a gauger in the Chicago Custom house, next Receiver of the Land Office and United States Depositary at Olympia, W. T.

XIX. James F. McLean, partner with Orvil L. Grant, President's brother, until recently Collector of the Port of Chicago.

XX. E. C. David, husband of the third cousin of the President's wife, special agent of the Postoffice Department in Illinois and Iowa.

XXI. W. D. Bernard, President's wife's cousin, National Bank Examiner for Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and a portion of Ill.

Letters From India.

CENTRE HALL ABROAD.

LETTER No. VII.

A friend of mine, who had seen Paris in its palmiest days—the last days of the Empire—writing to me some time ago, says: "I believe that the planet does not furnish anything worthy of a comparison with it." He had reference to the architectural grandeur of Paris. And if you speak simply of its arch tecture—of its monuments of art—its whole streets of buildings, every one of which is a palace, then, undoubtedly, you may say that Paris is incomparable. Viewed from an artistic or structural standpoint it is one unique. It has Palais and Gardens des Tuileries; its Champ Elysees; its Sainto-Chapello; its Palais-Royal; its Luxumbourg; its Louvre and its hundred other structures, almost equally grand and imposing, have not their like on earth. It has been building through the centuries. For instance, the Louvre was commenced under Francis I, and continued by Catharine de Mediscis, Henri IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Napoleon I, and finished by Napoleon III. And these centuries of gigantic labor, with the expenditure of public treasure, have brought Paris well nigh to perfection.

A visit to Paris, it seems to me, ought to make one think better of his kind ever after. As you stand before these monuments of human skill, you get a new conception of the character of human genius. You can see here what the much abused and slandered biped-man—is capable of. If you happen to belong to that class of ethereal, sublimely sublimated, half-crazy transcendentalists, which we run across once in a while, who are disparaging human genious and seem to be half-ashamed of their connection with the genus homo, go and see Paris. If you don't, forever after, take shame to yourself as a slanderer and defamer, you are beyond the reach of hope.

Whatever may be said of the unoccupied gentleman now residing at Chiselhurst, or his predecessor, Louis Philippe, it must, at least, be acknowledged that they were royal builders. Especially is this true of the ex-emperor. He has enlarged and beautified his capitol until it is absolutely peerless. The detraction and criticism that has hurled against him now that he is fallen, by the French people generally, may be just—no doubt is just; but for Paris, for whom he has toiled and planned with the tenderness of a mother; for whose enrichment he has robbed the rest of France, whose very guardian angel he has been, to join in the hue and cry, is ingratitude, the most monstrous and shameless. When the storm of revolution has blown over, so that Paris can think soberly again, she will acknowledge the now execrated emperor to have been her patron saint. And then they will rear it a statue in the Column Vendome and surmount it with the statue of Napoleon III.

The sacrilegious Commune, however, have marred Paris sadly. Their vandalism soon meets you. Whatever sympathy one may have had with the red-headed insurgents, and, say what you will, there was a great principle underlying all that lawlessness, is dissipated when you see the utter recklessness of their destruction of Paris. They seemed to hold a particular hatred against the Column Vendome. And for the life of me I can't understand their animosity. Communes or not, they were still Frenchmen. For the column, a dome comemorated the brilliant campaign of 1805 and the triumph of the French arms over Austria. The pedestal alone remains. It would be a strange coincidence if my prediction, that the statue of Louis Napoleon should one day surmount the restructed Column, should be realised! But stranger things than that have happened "in the course of human events." *Zum beispiel*, a Democrat supporting Horace Greeley for President!

The peerless, the magnificent Tuileries, stand blackened and charred. He must be narrow and partisan indeed, who can gaze upon these imperial ruins with out pain. The palace fronted the beautiful gardens of the same and was at once the pride and glory of the Capitol. It is said that eminent French architects are of the opinion that they can be restored. The gorgeous Palais de Ville shared a similar fate. It in fact, did nearly all the government buildings. The last struggle of the Commune seems to be desperate. Dislodged from one barricade they fell back to another; swept from one street by the terrible firing of the Versaillists they stood at bay in the next one. All along the Boulevard des Capucines the little round papers pasted on the window panes indicate where the bullets crashed through.

As a moral center, probably the less said of Paris the better. I remember a favorite remark of a little woman of blessed memory—my mother: "If the circumstances are such, that you can't speak favorably, say nothing." A little larger experience in life has led me to question the *theology* of the expression somewhat, but in the present instance let me obey the admonition. I may make this one remark however, and I ask no more value to be put upon it than is due to a very casual observation, namely, that if any one doubts the truthfullness of what has been said and written about the low state of morals in Paris, let him make but the shortest possible visit to it and be convinced. The infection seems to extend down through every grade of society to the very children. I remember a remark of a French lady with whom I was conversing one night, under the bright stars of the Mediterranean. She was an ardent admirer of the Pope—thought Dollinger and Hyacinthe were making a desperate mistake—was a devoted lover of her country, and a mother. "Nothing" said she, "fills me with such nameless fear for the future of my poor county as the godlessness apparent even among the children. A few days ago I witnessed a religious procession passing down the the boulevard, and on each side saw a crowd of boys mocking it and rending the air with the most horrid blasphemies; and these shall be our future rulers and law givers." She has a cause for her fears. It argues an awful state of society when *children* mock at religion.

France wants but two things: The firm establishement of a republican system of government by and with the consent of the people, and the Protestant religion. Everything else she has; soil, climate, sea-board, rivers, geographical position, natural boundaries—all that nature could give her.

Hopeful men predict that these two essential conditions of true national prosperity will soon be supplied.

CENTRE HALL.

For the Reporter.

TEACHERS' SALARY.

A man, before entering upon some speculation or some profession for life, asks himself the question. Does it pay? This is the ruling motive in deciding one's choice of his future "calling." To some this assertion may seem too sweeping, and that with regard to ministers at least an exception should be made. But, I believe that in our day nine tenths of the members of this profession have an eye on filthy lucre when they suppose themselves to be under the influence of that devine power which caused the early christians to sacrifice all the *comforts of life*, and even life itself, to promote the Redeemer's kingdom. It would seem that as a class the members of no profession are freer from base motives in accepting their calling than teachers, for, pecuniarily, teaching does not pay. They must then be actuated by higher motives—those of pure philanthropy. Yet, I will not speak derogatorily of ministers, for it is proper that they should be well paid for their services; neither would I ascribe too much honor to the teachers for their disinterested philanthropy, in training the young almost gratis, since with them it is not so much a matter of free choice as imposition.

The faithful teacher, as a member of a profession, works harder than persons of any other profession, yet his salary is the lowest of all. The teacher's work is no less important than that of the minister. He moulds the minds of the young—makes impressions which will not be effaced while life remains and gives tendencies to the soul which it shall bear with it through eternity. The minister addresses himself to older minds which are seldom changed after being once firmly settled in a certain channel. A minute's talk, a look or a smile has more influence over a child than an hour's preaching to gray-hairs.

Let us see, for a moment, what the salary of a teacher of Pennsvalley and Brushvalley amounts to. On an average, he receives about thirty-five dollars a month, not more. Now, deducting for boarding about ten dollars a month there are left twenty-five dollars. For five months it would run up to the magnificent sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Fifteen dollars of this sum, at the lowest estimate, it will require to defray county Institute expenses, if one is sufficiently inspired professionally to attend. The little morsel that is left is to keep him in decent clothing, defray expenses incurred in preparing himself professionally and enable him to make a respectable appearance in refined society. Reckoning one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year a teacher would have a little over ten dollars a month or thirty-three cents a day, a sum not quite sufficient to pay his own boarding to say nothing of clothing or family expenses if he should have the misfortune to be married. But, says some one, he is employed only five months in teaching and during the rest of the year he can work on the rail-road or chop wood. True, and teachers, in general, do not feel themselves above work; some are excellent workmen, but rail-road digging and woodchopping are not calculated to make bright ornaments of the profession of teaching. The teacher that has to work on a farm or at a trade seven months of the year to keep himself from starving, is not fit to teach the other five months. He cannot prepare himself for his profession, nor is there any inducement for him to do so. Why do not ministers work during two-thirds of the year to maintain themselves and preach the rest of the time? It is not because they cannot work, but, by such an arrangement, it is not likely that they would accomplish much in the line of Theology. County Supt's get so much a year, no matter whether they devote all, or only part, of their time to the interests of the schools, if they prepare for the ministry or the bar during their term of office, or make money by some other business, there is nothing said about it I do not wish to say that this is proper or improper, but why should not the teacher, who after all does the real and important part of the work, be treated with more consideration? But, it is said, a teacher must not expect his reward in the shape of dollars and cents. The consciousness of having been a benefactor to his fellow beings in freeing them from the bonds of ignorance and elevating them to a higher sphere, and the gratitude and veneration with which he will in future be regarded by his pupils—these are to be his reward. I would detract nothing from this compensation; especially, since it is about all a teacher receives, he should make the most of it. Glory is a noble thing, even for a teacher if he dies early, but it is a very frail staff to support old age.

Teaching does not pay. No man can afford to spend from five hundred to a thousand dollars or more to prepare himself for the profession and receive such poor recompense. This accounts for so many poor teachers, and until people are willing to pay better, their children will be taught by boys and girls as heretofore.

There is another circumstance to which it is well to call the attention of directors occasionally. I mean the mode of grading salaries which prevails in some townships. Directors seem to lay considerable stress on systematic uniformity in their business transactions. Such superfluous complications as fixing the wages according to a teacher's proficiency and the grade of his certificate are carefully avoided. Probably, they base their action on the good old principle that "all men are created equal," and of course, the pay of teachers should be equal too, no matter how unequal their services. It is a principle that must commend itself favorably to young boys who contemplate entering the profession, also, to stranded doctors, lawyers, and ministers who feel like turning their hands to school keeping. But it is a principle not so much admired by experienced teachers who have spent much time and money to prepare themselves for this work. They are uncharitable enough to think that a good workman is entitled to better pay than an nefficient one. The thing puts one in mind of the story of Procustes, who tied his victim upon an iron bed, and as the case required, either stretched out or cut off their legs to accomodate them to its length.

But, in order that oblivion may perform its kindly office, I will not mention the fact that a certain board of directors not a hundred miles from here, passed an ordinance in the plenitude of thier wisdom, that *female* teachers shall receive, during the coming term, the sum of twenty-six dollars per month for teaching, whereas the male teachers from thirty to thirty-nine. The salary of the male was fixed according to the grade of the certificate, that of the females not according to qualifications, but prejudice.

HEINRICH.

Game and Fish.

The following is a synopsis of the game and fish laws of the State, which it will be well for persons interested to preserve for reference:

Deer.—It shall not be lawful for any person to kill, hunt or take by any devicemeans or contrivance whatever, sell or expose for sale, have unlawfully in his possession, or worry or hunt with hound or dogs, any deer or fawn between the 31st day of December, in any year, and the 1st day of September, in any year; *Provided*, that nothing in this section shall apply to tame deer or those kept in parks.

Any persons violating the foregoing provision of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars.

Pheasants, Partridges Turkeys, &c.—No person shall kill or have unlawfully in his possession or expose for sale, any ruffed grouse or pheasant, between the 20th day of December and the 1st day of August, or any quail or Virginia partridge between the 12th day of December and the 1st day of October, or any wild turkey, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of October, or any fox squirrel or gray squirrel, or rabbit, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of August, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird or squirrel so skilled unlawfully and in possession, or exposed for sale.

Woodcock.—No person shall kill, capture take or have in his or her possession, any woodcock between the 15th day of November and the 4th of July, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird so killed or had in his possession or exposed for sale.

Insecticerous Birds.—No person shall at any time, kill, trap or expose for sale or have in his possession after the same is killed, any night hawk, whippoorwill, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, wren, martin, swallow, woodpecker, dove, bobolink, robin, or starkling or any other insecticerous bird, nor destroy or rob the nest of any wild birds whatever, under a penalty of *five dollars* for each and every bird so killed, trapped or exposed for sale, and for each nest so destroyed or robbed.

Hunting on Sunday.—There shall be no shooting of birds, hunting or trapping on the first day of the week, called Sunday, and any person offending against the provision of this act, shall, on conviction, forfeit, and pay a sum not exceeding twenty-five nor less than five dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail where the offence was committed, not less than ten days nor more than twenty-five days for each offence.

Trapping Birds.—No person shall at any time feed, bait or build blinds for the purpose of killing or to trap or snare any wild turkey, ruffed grouse or pheasant, quail or Virginia partridge or woodcock, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every bird so taken, trapped or snared: *Provided*, that nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent individuals or associations for the protection, preservation and propagation of game from gathering alive by net or traps, quails or Virginia partridges, for the sole purpose of preserving them alive over winter, from the fifteenth day of November to the first day of January, and for no other purpose whatever.

Black Bass.—It shall be unlawful for any person to take, catch or kill, by any means or device whatsoever, any black bass in the Delaware or Susquehanna rivers, or any of their tributaries, until the first day of August, A. D. 1872: *Provided*, That the accidental taking of black bass shall not be construed as a violation of this act if the same shall be immediately returned alive into the said rivers and tributaries. The fact of any persons having such black bass in their possession shall be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of their having been taken from said rivers or tributaries in violation of this act. Any person violating the above provisions of this act shall upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace, pay a fine of five dollars for each and every fish so taken or had in possession, without being able to prove that they were not taken from the said rivers or streams, and in default of the payment of such fine to undergo an imprisonment in the county jail for a term of ten days.

Pike.—The species commonly known as Susquehanna salmon, pike, perch and jack salmon, shall henceforth not be taken in any of the streams meant to be included in this act during their spawning time, this is to say between the first day of February and first day of June in any year; and the mode of proof of such taking and the penalty for the same shall be the same as in the case of black bass.

Trout.—No persons shall at any time, with intent so to do, catch any speckled brook trout or any speckled river trout, with any device, save only with a hook and line; and no person shall catch any such trout, or have any such trout in possession, save only during months of April, May, June, and the first fifteen days of August, under a penalty of five dollars for each trout so caught or had in his possession; but this section shall not prevent any persons or corporation from catching trout in winter owned by them, or upon their premises, to stock other waters in any manner or at any time.

Drugging Fish.—No persons shall place in any fresh water stream, lake or pond, without the consent of the owner, any lime or other deleterious substance with the intent to injure fish, or any drug or medicated bait with intent thereby to poison or catch such fish, nor place in a pond or lake stocked and inhabited by trout or black bass any drug or other deleterious substance, with intent to destroy such trout or bass, nor place in any fresh water, pond or stream stocked with brook trout, any perch, pickerel, black bass, sunfish or other pisciverous fish (salmon excepted), without the consent of the owner of the land upon which the pond or stream is situated. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall in addition thereto, and in addition to any damage he may have done, be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars.

Fishing with Seines.—It shall not be lawful for any person to fish with seines in the waters of the Raystown branch of the Juniata river and its tributaries, under a penalty of ten dollars for each offense.

Fish Baskets.—The sheriff of the county is authorized and required to declare fish baskets and brush nets common nuisances in the rivers of Susquehanna and Juniata and their tributaries, and on failure of the owners to remove them the sheriff shall destroy or remove them himself.

PENNSYLVANIA—OFFICIAL VOTE OF 1869 & 1872.

COUNTIES.	1872. GOVERNOR		1869. GOVERNOR	
	Hartranft	Buckalew	PACKER, DEM	GEARY, RAD
Adams	2765	3038	3099	2922
Allegheny	25771	16490	13301	17858
Armstrong	4434	3469	3079	3439
Beaver	3085	2882	2402	3096
Bedford	2973	2977	2832	2485
Berks	9881	13947	13531	8441
Blair	4269	3344	3773	3484
Bradford	7448	4454	8080	6658
Bucks	7278	7658	7061	6905
Butler	3985	3540	2994	3259
Cambria	2823	2580	3187	2529
Cameron	577	531	423	471
Carbon	2444	2233	2540	2140
Centre	3292	3713	3764	3162
Chester	9386	6510	6446	8230
Clarion	2727	3383	2831	1785
Clearfield	1955	3443	3015	1799
Clinton	2018	2932	2509	1830
Columbia	2110	3020	3714	1845
Crawford	7061	6463	6107	5940
Cumberland	3176	4014	4408	3541
Dauphin	7450	5113	4328	5990
Delaware	4339	2038	3582	3582
Elk	628	1193	968	475
Erie	7499	5577	4238	6498
Fayette	5954	4631	4229	6340
Forrest	418	340	293	585
Franklin	4595	4182	4006	3698
Fulton	797	1066	680	1107
Greene	1795	3450	2992	1542
Huntington	3249	2690	2368	2825
Indiana	4472	2149	2070	4003
Jefferson	2407	2247	2039	1967
Juniata	1352	1780	1642	1254
Lancaster	18774	9064	8814	19846
Lawrence	2428	1705	1492	6211
Lebanon	4285	2824	2696	4027
Lehigh	5855	6895	5133	4555
Luzerne	12341	14433	9696	8690
Lycoming	4639	5056	4587	4053
McKean	1025	950	696	880
Mercer	5579	4598	3785	4520
Mifflin	1789	1765	1902	1040
Monroe	658	2389	2902	659
Montgomery	8454	8463	8447	7363
Montour	1878	1623	1555	1066
Northampton	4880	8121	7449	4023
Northumb'd	4314	4393	4000	3497
Perry	2702	2314	2408	2439
Philadelphia	60778	48841	46809	51203
Pike	246	1124	1054	515
Potter	1466	1042	798	1334
Schuykill	8999	9878	8801	7992
Snyder	1906	1872	1815	1719
Somerset	3430	1802	1700	2940
Sullivan	491	744	789	406
Susquehanna	4333	3406	2982	4064
Tioga	5504	2676	1895	4685
Union	2069	1374	1207	1798
Venango	5071	4415	3241	3507
Warren	3176	2333	1679	2430
Washington	6294	4940	4682	4476
Wayne	2119	3030	2715	2275
Westmore'd	8561	6193	6193	4853
Wyoming	1661	1791	1772	1452
York	6400	8388	8826	5545
Total vote	358398	317853	285956	290554
	317853			285956
Rep. maj	35549			4598

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

A Serial Story by Dr. Holland; New Story by Sax Holm. A Long Story From Bret Harte. Brilliant Array of Contributors. Clarence Cook On Furniture. And Decoration. R. H. Stoddard on Authors.

Extraordinary inducements to new subscribers; 500 Pages for $1.00; &c. &c.

The Publishers of Scribner's Monthly in their Prospectus just issued, promise for the ensuing year a more brilliant array of contributors, and an increase in the variety and beauty of its illustrations, already conceded by the critics to be "finer than any which have hitherto appeared in any American magazine."

Dr. Holland, the editor, will write the serial story of the year, which will be autobiographical in form, and will be illustrated by Miss Hallock. It is entitled Arthur Bonnicastle, and will deal with some of the most difficult problems of American life. It will be commenced in the November number.

There will be a new story by Saxe Holm, The One Legged Dancers.

Bret Harte, the best writer of short stories now living, will contribute a characteristic story, entitles The Epic of Fiddletown, which will be illustrated by Sheppard.

R. H. Stoddard will write a series of entertaining papers about Authors, their personal characteristics, Home Life, Families, Friends, Whims and Ways. A series of Portraits of living American Writers, is also promised.

Clarence Cook will write about Furniture, and the Decoration of American Homes. These papers will be eminently practical as well as artistic, and will be illustrated with designs and sketches by numerous artists in addition to those which the writer himself will furnish.

Among those who will contribute are: Hans Anderson, Bryant, Bushnell, Eggleston, Froude, Higginson, Bishop Huntington, John Hay, H. H. Macdonald, Mitchell, Miss Phelps, Stedman, Stockton, Stoddard, Celia Thaxter, Warner, Wilkinson, Mrs. Whiteney, besides a host of others.

The editorial control and direction of the Magazine will remain in the hands of Dr. Holland, who will continue to write "The Topics of the Time," which the N. Y. Independent says "are more widely quoted than any similar papers in any American magazine."

Watson Gilder will write "The Old Cabinet;" as hitherto. Prof. John C. Draper conducts the Department of "Nature and Science." The departments of "Home and Society" and "Culture and Progress," will engage the contributions of more than a score of pens on both sides of the Atlantic. The Watchman and Belfector says: "Scribner's Monthly for September is better than usual, which indicates a needless waste of editorial brains and Publisher's money, for the Magazine was good enough before!" And yet the publishers promise to make it still better for the coming year!!

The Subscribtion price is $4.00 a year, with special rates to Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters.

Extraordinary Inducemets are offered to new subscribers:

For $5.50 the Publishers will send, or any Bookseller or Newsdealer will supply, the magazine for one year, and the twelve numbers of Vols. III and IV., containing the beginning of Mrs. Oliphant's

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRIDAY Nov. 1., 1872.

LOCAL ITEMS.

LOCAL NEWS.—Our friends, everywhere, will oblige us by sending us local news of interest.

CIRCULATION.—The circulation of the REPORTER, on this side the county, is larger than that of all other papers in the county. Business men will therefore find this one of the best advertising mediums. We invite all interested to come and inspect our list for themselves.

REMITTANCES.—All monies for subscription will be credited on the subscriber's address, each week: by referring to which our patrons can at all times see how their accounts stand, and a receipt is by this system carried upon each copy of the paper.

—R. H. Porters sale, Penn Hall, 22nd Nov.

—Sale of Josh. Roush's property, Haines twp., 16th Nov.

—Col. Worrall, Fish Commissioner, has secured the deposit of 15,000 ova of the Sacramento Salmon, now being transported by the United States across the continent for the Susquehanna river. We hope the people along the river will not disturb these fine fish for some years to come, as the importance of the success of this enterprise can scarcely be overestimated.

—Why do tailors live better than any other class of men? Because they always have a roasted goose in the oven.

The following cure for the prevailing horse disease, we furnish for the benefit of our readers:

Stimulate your horse; quit giving him cold water; give him warm water with baking soda; don't bleed the horse, and if you wish to drench the animal, do it with luke warm water and a few spoons full of horse powder.

—According to an act the passed last winter, one month has been added to the school term. The public Schools must now be kept open five months, instead of four.

--Ninety-two deaths from horse disease were reported in New York on Friday morning, 1st, and thirty-one in Brooklin. There is a marked improvement in the disease, and it is believed that by Monday cars will be running on nearly all the lines.

A man was awarded a premium at the cattle show and fair in Northampton for a two-years old colt, when the animal was a horse eight years old! The owner had a colt in pasture and sent a man to bring him to the show; the man made a mistake and took the eight-year old horse, which was in the same pasture, and the committee gave him the premium.

—Frank Heffner, a butcher from Northumberland, was drowned below Lewisburg, a few days ago. The road was flooded and he drove in and was borne down. The horse was also drowned.

DIED.—Near Luthersburg, on the 21st instant, Sarah Jane, relict of John Thompson, aged 81 years, 5 months and 4 days.

For over thirty-three years we have known her who has just passed away. Next to our mother and wife, we have esteemed her for the occasional motherly and sound advice she gave us in our boyhood days. She was one of the best neighbors that ever lived. Her example is worthy of imitation. She was born near Mill Hall, and her maiden name was Moore. She was married to James Biesben, of Nittany Valley, who died eight years after their marriage, leaving her a widow with three children. Several years after the death of her first husband she married John Thompson, and soon thereafter removed form Centre county to near Luthersburg, where both now repose in silent dust. She was the mother of 94 children, grand and great-grand children; 24 of whom preceded her together with two husbands to the grave. She was a Presbyterian of the strictest sect, having been a member of that denomination for over 68 years. In her death Brady township has lost an esteemed neighbor, and the relatives a mother of whom they may be proud of. The world would be greatly improved in a moral point of view if all mothers were like her of whom we write.—Clearfield Republican.

—The quickest and cheapest way to make ice, is, by dropping the "v" from vice. We have no patent.

—Which letter in the alphabet don't suit young sparks? Letter "B." Which are the female letters of the alphabet? "L" and "M." Which letter suits old women best? "T."

ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—A young man named Frank Stout, living at Cowan, Union county, attempted to commit suicide on Monday night last by shooting himself in the head. It appears he has been laboring under some trouble for several weeks past, and has frequently talked of committing suicide. On Monday he is believed to have taken poison, but the does must have been too large and only made him very sick. After recovering from its effects in the evening, it is thought he went to the creek and endeavored to drown himself; but in this also failed. He then returned to the store of Mr. Geo. W. Himmelreich in which he was employed as clerk and slept at night, where he took a loaded pistol and holding the muzzle to the centre of his forehead, fired and received the load. The shooting was done about ten o'clock on Monday night. The next morning Mr. Himmelreich went to his store and was surpriced to find it closed, but found one of the doors unlocked. On going up stairs, he found the clerk lying in a room, in a sensible condition and suffering severely from his wound. A physician was called, who probed the wound but was unable to reach the bullet, it being lodged in the back of his head. Mr. Stout is lying in a very serious condition, and it is believed he cannot recover. He will not state his object in endeavoring to kill himself, but is now sorry for the act. We learn that he has heretofore been regarded as a very fine young man, and had the full confidence of all who knew him. He is about eighteen years of age.—*Journal.*

Rome, October, 25—The inundation in the river Po continues. The water has risen to an alarming height overflowing the banks and flooding the surrounding country for miles, causing a general devastation.

The immediate cause of the inundation was the swelling of the Po and its tributaries by the heavy rains, which still continue. Houses, crops, farms, stock, etc., have been swept away by the flood. It is believed that many lives have been lost, but the facts cannot yet be ascertained.

Whole villages are inundated, and the unfortunate inhabitants have been compelled to seek more elevated districts for safety. Thousands of them have been rendered totally destitute by the calamity.

In the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, through which the Po flows, a large proportion of the growing crops has been destroyed. The traffic at navigable parts of the river is at a stand still. The Mincio and Ticino, affluents of the Po, have also overflowed their banks, causing considerable trouble.

For the Centre Reporter.

Revolutionary Incident.

While passing through your thriving little town, a few days since, it occurred to me to call the attention of your readers to one of the tragic incidents of the Revolutionary war, happening in your vicinity, in the hope that some of your young people would feel enough interest to hunt up and mark in some way its exact locality.

In the beginning of July, 1778, Col. Dan'l Broadhead, (afterwards Surveyer General of Pennsylvania,) was ordered by Gen. McIntosh, to Wyoming, to assist the people there in driving off the Indians. When he arrived at Sunbury, he found he was too late to be of any service to the Wyoming people, the massacre there having occurred on the 23rd of July, and finding the inhabitants of Northumberland county flying or fled, he took post at Muncy, and dispatched a captain and 25 men to take post at Gen. Potters, and protect the harvest there. The rest of the story is told in a letter from Gen. Potter, dated Penns Valley, July 25, 1778. He says: "We have here one captain, two sergeants and 25 men for two forts. Yesterday evening, two men of Capt. Finley's company of Col. Broadhead's regiment, went out from this place in the plains, a little below my fields, and met a party of Indians, not exceeding five in number, when they engaged, and on the first fire one of the soldiers, Thomas Van Doran, was shot dead on the spot, the other, Jacob Shedacre, ran about four hundred yards and was pursued by one of the indians; both their guns were unloaded and they attacked each other with their knives; our gallant soldier killed his antagonist; but hard was his fate, after this hard won victory—for such it was—another indian came up and shot him, so that he and the indian he killed lay within two perches of each other. It is the opinion of those who saw the ground, that one or two indians were killed or wounded, when the engagement began. Thus gallantly died our two worthy soldiers, and sold their lives at such a price that no enemy would be fond of purchasing at. What soldier at his death would not wish to pruchase such laurels as are honestly due those brave men? These soldiers served with Col. Morgan in the last campaign." (Gen. Potter refers to the northern campaign which ended in Burgoyne's surrender, in 1777.)

I have little to add to the above, except the tradition in the neighborhood that the soldiers went out to hunt wild turkes, lured by imitated turkey calls of the indians, a trick that became too common to deceive the settlers afterwards.

I am indebted to my uncle, Dr. Wm. I. Wilson, of Potter's Mills, for the following sequel to the story. He told me, a few days since, that quite a number of years after the occurrence, Hon. Andrew Gregg (the elder) came along the road and stopped to have a chat with James Alexander, who then farmed the whole of the Fort farm. Alexander had a nervous habit when standing talking, of kicking up the ground about him, and while conversing with Mr. Gregg he kept kicking as usual, and on the spot uncovered a large hunting knife, which, from its rusted condition and general appearance, indicated that it had lain there ever since the conflict, and was undoubtedly either the knife of the soldier or the indian killed. Two stones were procured and set upon the spot, in memory of the two soldiers who sold their lives so dearly there. The farm was afterwards divided up, and it was on that part of it now owned by Wm. Henney. I should be glad to hear that some one has been successful in finding the spot.

Respectfully &c.,
JOHN B. LINN.

Bellefonte, 4th Nov. 1872.

(The grave, in which the indians are buried, is plainly to be seen, with head and footstones, in a fence corner, on west side of Henney's lane, and quite close to the railroad, and which is the locality fixed by tradition, as the scene of this conflict. It said a tree stood there around which the fight was had, and which was badly hacked by the knives of the combatants, and at the foot of it the grave was dug.—ED. REPORTER.)

THE ELECTION.

Grant is elected, is the summing up of the news we have up to Wednesday noon.

Greeley has probably not carried a single northern state.

Greely's vote in this state falls back of Buckalew some 20,000.

Grant has over 21,000 majority in Philadelphia.

Greeley has 25,000 majority in N. City, but Grant carries the state.

New Hampshire, Grant about 2000 majority.

Louisiana is claimed by both democrats and republicans by 15,000.

Pennsylvania has gone Grant by about 70,000 majority.

Illinois 50,000 for Grant.

Indiana, 15,000 for Grant.

Iowa, 40,000 for Grant.

Maine 30,000 for Grant.

Maryland, 5000 for Greeley.

Michigan 30,000 for Grant.

Minnesota 10,000 for Grant.

Mississippi 10,000 for Grant.

Missouri 10,000 for Greeley.

Ohio 15 to 20,000 for Grant.

Rhode Island 8000 for Grant.

Vermont, Grant 30,000.

Virginia, 10,000 for Greeley.

West Virginia goes Greeley.

There is great rejoicing among thieves everywhere.

Bull pups are in demand among rads who want appointments.

Centre County.

The democratic vote staying at home by hundreds, Centre county has likely gone for Grant by 200.

The Democratic majority in Penns Valley is nearly three hundred less, than in October.

The Haines township democracy kept up pretty closely to their October majority. Bravo!

The following are the returns from this county so far as received:

	Gov'nor. Buckalew	Hartranft	President Greeley	Grant
Gregg	281	67	216	68
Haines	195	103	179	97
Miles	293	58	196	59
Penn	282	96	228	30
Potter	378	135	294	119

Bellefonte South Ward 9 maj. for Grant.
do North " 143 for Grant 7o for
Greeley—73 maj. for Grant.
Bellefonte West Ward 89 for Grant, 45 for
Greeley—41 maj. for Grant.
Spring twp. 94 for Grant.
Benner " 31 for Greeley.
Snow Shoe 42 for Grant.
Howard " 17 " "
Howard Tp. 40 " "
Liberty 93 " "
Milesburg 80 " "
Boggs 72 " "
Philipsburg 11 Rep. gain
Rush 13 " "

The Philadelphia Evening Herald puts the following pointed questions and answers:

First Series.—Does the Presidential history of the United States record a single instance in which the incumbent of the highest office in the gift of the people was a habitual frequenter of horse-races? Yes, one; Ulysses S. Grant.

Does this same history point to an instance where a President appointed all his relatives to office? Yes, one and only one; Ulysses S. Grant.

Does it note a case in which a President was made a millionaire by the gifts of office-seekers? Yes, one; Ulysses S. Grant.

Does it make mention of any President who held stock in stone quarries, from which all the stone used on the government work at Washington, was furnished? Yes, one; Ulysses S. Grant.

Does it till of any President who sought to carry State elections by bayonet? Yes, one; Ulysses S. Grant. See Governor Geary's annual message in 1870.

Does it record the fact that any President deeming the schools of the United States not sufficiently thorough in their system, sent his son to Europe to have him educated? Yes, one Ulysses S. Grant.

Is it recorded anywhere in Presidential history that a convention comprised almost wholly of Federal officials renominated the tenant of the White House? Yes, one; Ulysses S. Grant.

Le Bon Ton, Journal de Modes; gives monthly, five fine and highly colored steel engravings, beside these one large uncolored plate, beautifully executed by the best artist of Paris.

One year, monthly, $6, single copies 50 cents, two patterns are given with each number worth more than the price paid for the Journal. New York, S. T. Taylor, 816 Broadway.

DATHES

On 4th, in Penn twp., Mrs. Susan Wolf, widow of John Wolf, dec'd, formerly of Haines twp., aged about 70 years.

On 4th, at Pine Creek, in Haines twp., David Stover, aged about 75 years.

MARRIAGES.

On 3rd ult., by Rev. M. G. Earhart. Mr. Miles Harpster to Miss E. Heberling, both of Ferguson twp.

Peterson's Magazine for November is on our table, ahead of all others. It is a usually good number, even for this first class lady's book. The principal Steel Plate, "A Game Two Can Play At," is from an original picture, and is a capital illustration of one of the best stories we have read for months. A prominent feature of this Magazine is its copyright Novelettes, two of which appear in this number, "Lindsay's Luck," by Fanny Hodgson, and "Bought With A Price," by Mrs. Ann Stephens, both very far superior to the continued stories to be found in magazines generaly. But, as a cotemporary says, the stories, the fashions, the patterns, in short, everything in Peterson is the best of its kind. The price of this Magazine, too, is another thing in its favor. It is but two Dollars a year. The Prospectus for 1873 is published with this number, and we find that the prices to Clubs are astonishingly low, viz., three copies for 4.50, with a superb Mezzotint (16 inches by 20), "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem," to the person geting up the club; or six copies for $9.00 and a copy of the Magazine for 1873 as a premium to the person getting up the club; or eight copies for $12.00, and both an extra copy and the premium engraving to the person getting up the club. For large clubs the prices are even lower, achoice of six splendid premium engravings, for framing, is given for fifty cents extra, to subscribers for "Peterson" for 1873. Specimens of the Magazine are sent, gratis, if written for. Subscribe to nothing else until you have seen a copy of this popular Magazine. Address CHARLES J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The Aldine for October is a brilliant number. It opens with a full page drawing, by Victor Nehlig: a graphic and spirited representation of a professional bravo and his employer, and the rival who is about to become their victim. This is followed by "Hollo," and "School disciplin,' by John S. Davis—the former, a glimpse of boy life in the country; the boy, in this instance, being a young urchin, who has stolen into the woods with his dog and gun; the latter, a view of a village school-house, in which a girl is doing penance among the boys, probably for missing her lesson. F. T. Vance takes us into the Heart of the Adirondacks, of which he gives us three views—"the glen," a charming bit of woodland scenery, with a little brook falling over rocks into a still pool; "Preston Ponds," and "Lake Henderson," a moonlight glance at that mountain-girdled sheet of water. From Paul Dixon we have "The Hills of New England"—"[illegible]" and "Evenings," two characteristic and admirable drawings. Then comes "A Serious Case," by Ernst Bosch; "Temple of Canovo," and "Last Moments of Von Weber;" and, last, a group of Snow-Birds," by Gilbert Burling.

The literature is as readable as ever. The subscription price $3.00 per annum which includes a subero Oil Chromo and the publishers are James SUTTON & CO., 8 Maiden Lane, New York.

Good News for the Ladies.

FALL OPENING OF

Bonnets, Trimmings, Millinery, at

MRS. MARY E. SHOOPE'S

In Centre Hall.

Mrs. M. E. Shoope, has just returned from Philadelphia, with the latest fashions and a complete stock of New Bonnetts, Hats, Elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, as usual at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. nov 1 4t

ASSIGNEE ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the third and final account of T. M Hall assignee of J. P. Shope, has been filed to November term of Court, 1872 and unless exceptions are filed to said report on or before the first day of said term, that said account will be confirmed by the Court.

JNO. MORAN

IRON CITY GUN WORKS.

Just enlarged and re-opened with a new and superior stock of GUNS. Call or send for a Price List. Single Shot Guns, $3 to $20; Double Barrel Shot Guns, $8 to $75. Breech Loaders, $35 to $150; Rifles, $12 to $75; Revolvers, $6 to $24.

Address, H. H. SCHULTE,
330 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REMEDY FOR THE HORSE DISEASE

First cover the horse well with woolen blankets, except the head, then put him into a well ventilated, dry stable, with plenty of straw under him; then dissolve ½ ounce sulphate of soda in a pail of water, (repeat this daily), and keep off all excitement. Then make pills of 1 ounce each of the following composition:

Charcoal, 2 ounces; elecampane, 2 ounces; nitrate of soda, 1½ ounces; asafoetida in powder, 1½ ounce; Duvoy's horse powder, 1 package; extract of licorice, 3 ounces; Sal amonia, ½ ounce, and honey or molasses, ½ pint.

Mix the powders well and add the honey work it up to a pill mass and make pills twice as long as thick, (of 1 ounce each), give one pill to the horse every hour for the first three hours; then one pill every three hours for the next 12 hours, then one pill every four to six hours thereafter.

NOTICE.—Estate of J. D. Rankin] All persons indebted to the estate of J. D Rankin, late of Boalsburg, dec'd, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
Boalsburg, Sept. 27 Administrator

LOTS AT PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Centre Hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 12th at 1 o'clock,

THREE ACRES OF GROUND

of which nearly 3 lots front the Main Street passing through Centre Hall. This tract will be sold in lots, or as a whole to suit purchasers, and at terms to suit buyers.

ALEX. SHANNON,
Agent for J. B. Evans
oct11.5t.

REGISTERS NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed on record in this office for the examination of heirs creditors legatees and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans Court to be held in Bellefonte, for allowance and confirmation, on Wednesday the 27th day of November, 1872.

1 The account of Mary A. Turner and Thomas M. Turner, executers of the last will and testament of James Turner, late of Bellefonte Borough Centre county, deceased.

2 The account of John Nutzell, one of the executers of the last will and testament of Sampson Glossner, late of Curtin twp., Centre county, dec'd.

3 The first and final account of James Armor, guardian of Elvina Bayard, minor child of John A Bayard, late of Bellefonte dec'd.

4 The account of Henry Yearick, Guardian of John F. Gettig, minor child of William Gettig, late of Centre county, dec'd.

5 Partial executorship account of Thomas Roop acting executor of &c., of Joseph Noregon, late of Halfmoon twp., Centre county dec'd.

6 The administration account of Mary Pottsgrove and Isaac Underwood administrators of all and singular the goods chattles, rights and credits which were of Jacob Pottsgrove, late of Unionville, Centre county, dec'd.

7 The administration account of Samuel Gilliland, administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of William Price late of Hairrs twp. dec'd.

8 The administration and Distribution accounts of Henry Miller administrator of &c., of Adam Miller, late of Miles twp., dec'd.

9 The account of John Chambers and George W. Gray, executors of the last will and testament of James Chambers, late of Patton twp., Centre county, dec'd.

10 The account of Peter Johnson and John Curtin, administrators of &c., of Austin Curtin, late of Boggs twp., Centre county dec'd.

11 The account of J. S. Barnhart, administrator of Benjamin Gingrich, late of Harris twp, dec'd.

J. H. MORRISON,
Register.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton, and Clearfield, and the Honorable W. W. Love and the Honorable Henry Dopp, Associate Judges, in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 4th day of January, A. D., 1872, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. next, being the 25th day of Nov. 1872, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of April in the year of our Lord, 1872, and in the ninety-fourth year of the Independence of the United States.

D. W. WOODRING, Sheriff.

THE PLACE TO BUY

good Boots & Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Have just received 50 cases of Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell the cheapest and best Boots and Shoes.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Are the only ones in Centre co. that have Lester Bro's & Co., Boots & Shoes.

Lester Bro's & Co., Boots and Shoes are warranted.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Sell them at Cash prices.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes never leak or crack.

BURNSIDE & THOMAS
Boots and Shoes always give satisfaction.

Thousands in this county and out of it have tried these Boots & Shoes. They have been tested and tried for 15 years and always have given Extra satisfaction.

If you want to save doctor bills buy your Boots and Shoes from Burnside & Thomas.

You can buy the best articles of Tobacco and cigars at half price at Burnsides & Thomas.

The reason you can get such bargains at Burnside & Thomas, they sell for CASH. july19.tf.

OUR CLOTHING STORE.

I have just been to the city, and laid in a full stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

and in addition to that a large stock of

HATS and CAPS

of the latest styles; also, BOOTS and SHOES, both kip and calf; also GAITERS, for ladies, of three or four different styles.

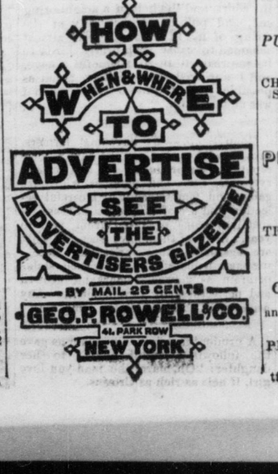
TOBACCO and CIGARS, of the best assortment.

JEWELRY and NOTIONS

I solicit a liberal patronage from the kind people of Pennsvalley, as heretofore. Our motto is, SELL CHEAP.

JACOB KRISE
oct 25.6t Milroy.

THE ONLY PLACE TO BUY



C. F. Herlacher N. Cronmiller.

NEW GOODS!

FRESH ARRIVAL

OF

FALL GOODS!!!

HERLACHER & CRONMILLER

Wish to inform the citizens of Potter that they have opened an entire new stock of goods in their old quarters, and will keep constantly on hand a full and good assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

consisting of

ALPACAS, Poplins, PLAIDS, Lustres.

and all other kinds of

DRESS GOODS,

full line of

NOTIONS and FANCY Goods

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes

CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE, CEDARWARE,
SUGARS,
TEAS, COFFEES,
FISH, SALT,
etc., etc., etc.,

All of which we offer at greatly reduced prices.

Highest prices paid for country produce. Be strict attention to business we hope to merit and receive the patronage of the public

NE PLUS ULTRA.

No Better Place!

The subscriber is just receiving from the eastern cities a Full Stock of

FALL and WINTER GOODS

which he has determined to sell very cheap, consisting of

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons, and Woll Flannels. Ladies Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tameise, together with a full stock of everything usually kept in the Dry Goods line.

NOTIONS:

A full stock, consisting part of Ladies and Children's Merino Hose, Collars, Kid gloves, best quality silk and Lisle thread Gloves, Hoods, Nubias, Breakfast shawls, &c,

HATS & CAPS,

A full assortment of Men's Boy's and Children's of the latest style and best.

CLOTHING,

Ready made, a choice selection of Men's and Boy's of the newest styles and most serviceable materials.

BOOTS & SHOES,

A very large stock of Men's Women's and Children's and sold very low.

Queensware,

full assortment.

GROCERIES

a full stock at the lowest prices. At the old stand of

WM. WOLF.

W. J. McManigal,

Wholesale and retail dealer in

HARDWARE and CUTLERY,

Iron, Nails, Oils, Paints, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.

Milroy Mifflin Co., Pa.

To Shoemakers,

I have just received a large stock of

FRENCH KIP
FRENCH MOROCCOES
FRENCH CALF SKINS
LINING SKINS
RUSSIA BRISTLES
RED SOLE LEATHER
SHOE MAKERS TOOLS
PAT. AWL HAFTS AT 10 CENTS
SHOE THREAD &c.

Call early and examine
Oct 11 3m WM J M'MANIGAL.

BOSTON

Boot & Shoe Store!

A NEW ESTABLISHMENT

With New Goods & New Prices!

Having determined to engage in business at this place, we have opened up in Room

NO. 5 BUSH'S ARCADE,

BELLEFONTE, PA., the largest, most complete and cheapest stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &C.,

that has ever been opened up in this part of the State. At our store you can find in the Boot and Shoe line

Anything You Want,

from the finest boot to the cheapest slipper, and we know if you once call and EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES.

you will concede that it is to your interest to purchase from us.

WE SELL AT BOSTON RATES.
Repairing Neatly Done.

B. L. BATCHELLER & CO.
July 19tf.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE.

Next door to Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store, Allegheny St.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

R. F. Rankin & Co.,

(Successors to Linn & Wilson.)

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, AND FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c.

PURE WINE & LIQUORS

for medicinal purposes.

SHOULDER BRACES,

TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS in great variety

Also, Choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in first class Drug Store.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFU Y COMPOUNDED.

tf.1june R. F. RANKIN & CO.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.
Corrected by C. D. Keller.

White Wheat $1,80, Red 100....Rye..... 75.....Corn 60 ....Oats 40.....Barley 60. 70.....Clo'erseed 5,00 .....Potatoes 45. Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 09 Butter 20.....Eggs 20. .....Plaster per ton $14 Tallow 8.....Bacon 8 .....Ham 12

LEWISTOWN MARKETS

White wheat 1,75....Red wheat 1,65....Rye 60.....Corn 60.....Oats 35.....Barley 50..... Cloverseed 4,50.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 50 per sack,..... Bacon 10c.....Ham 16.....Butter 20....Eggs 15.....Plaster 9 50

USE

PAIN CURE OIL

"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT"

FOR

Pains, Sores, Wounds and Lameness.

BUY IT! TRY IT!

For Fever and Ague, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Rheumatism, . . . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Neuralgia, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Fever Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Cholera Morbus, . Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Sprains, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Headache, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Bruises, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Corns and Bunions, Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Sore, ... Use Pain Cure Oil.
For Any Lameness, . . Use Pain Cure Oil.

EVERY BOTTLE IS WARRANTED,
And we challenge the world to produce its equal.
Used Externally and Internally for
MAN AND BEAST.
Ask for PAIN CURE OIL. Take no other, for we WARRANT IT TO CURE.
It is not a strong ammonia preparation but a soothing compound, made from Pure Vegetable Oils, Herbs and Extracts, and is clean and safe to use.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
McCLURE & EATON, PROPRIETORS, Reading, Pa

Sold wholesale and retail by F. P. Green.

W. A. CURRY,

BOOT & SHOE MAKER

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call.

Oct 11. 3m.

School Tax.

To all whom it may concern: The duplicate of school Tax for Potter school district for the 1872, has been placed in the hands of Fred Kurtz, Treasurer of the School Board, in accordance with the Act of Assembly of 1869, for collection.

All persons paying said tax on or before the 15th of November, will be allowed a deduction of five per cent; from the 15th of November to 14th of Dec. no deduction and after that date 5 per cent will be added. By order of the Board.

FRED KURTZ,
Sept. 20. Treasurer.

THE Very Best Buenos Ayers

Sole Leather,

FRENCH, GERMAN AND COUNTRY

CALF SKINS,

SHOEFINDINGS, &c., &c.,

At reasonable rates, next door to C. D. Keller's store, Bishop Street Bellefonte Penn's.

E. GRAHAM & SON,
Oct 11 tf.

A. SUSSMAN

LEATHER & SHOE FINDING.

in lower room, No. 1. Bush's block, where he keeps on hand a stock of

WHITE and RED LEATHER and HARNESS.

Kips and CalfSkins

French and City Finish.

STRING LEATHER, SHOE-FINDINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Raw Hides

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Trunks and Valises

OF ALL KINDS.

RAW FURS, of all kinds bought and highest price paid.

Clover and Timothy Seed

always bought and on hands. WHEAT and OATS specially bought and the highest Cash price paid.

Go to Sussman's, there you can buy cheaper than elsewhere, as everybody knows, who ever dealt with him. He lets no one off without a good bargain.

Next door to Sussman's is the cheap dry goods establishment of Isaac Guggenheimer. ap5.tf.

ADAM HILD,

PAINTER, MILROY, Mifflin co., Pa.

offers his services to the citizens of Mifflin Centre and adjoining counties, in

House, Sign and Ornmenatal Painting.

GRAINING

Oak, Walnut, Maple. Ash, Mahogony, &c.

Plain and Fancy Paperhanging. Orders respectfully solicited.

All fine work done for other painters.
June 7 y.

JOHN C. MOTZ & CO.

BANKERS.

MILLHEIM, CENTRE CO., PA.

Receive Deposits and allow interest.
Discount Notes.
Make Collections.
Issue Eastern Exchange.
And a general Banking Business done.

JOHN C. MOTZ,
A WALTER, Cashier. PRESIDENT.
mar22tf.

C. PECK. J. T. LEE.

PECK & LEE'S

New

Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned have opened a new establishment, at their new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by them are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

They use none but the best material, and employ the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine our work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.
25.y. PECK & LEE.

I. Guggenheimer.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in

LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

COAL,

LIME,

and POWDER!

COAL—Wilkesbarre Coal, Chestnut Stove, Egg, furnace and foundry, Coal—of best quality, at the lowest prices. Customers will please note that our coal is housed under commodious sheds.

LIME—Wood or coal-burnt Lime, for sale at our kilns, on the pike leading to Milesburg.

POWDER.—Having received the agency for Du Pont's Powder AT WHOLESALE, we shall be pleased to receive orders from the trade.

Office and yard near south end of Bald Eagle Valley R. R. Depot, Bellefonte, Pa.

n v SHORTLIDGE & CO.

Duff's College.

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RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

The proprietor of Rynder's Music Store desires to call the attention of the people of Centre county, to the fact that they

Can Save Money

by purchasing their musical instruments ot Rynder's Music Store. We are selling

Double Reed, Six Stop, Five Octavo Organs, at $140,

(superior in tone and finish, to those that are hawked and peddled throughout the country at $175 to $200.) There we warrant for five years. We give any reasonable credit desired to responsible parties.

We beg leave to call your attention to the following instruments, sold in Pennsvalley this year, which you would do well to examine before purchasing elsewhere:

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S. S. WOLF, Rynder Organ..... $225.00
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In a few weeks we will call attention to our

PIANO DEPARTMENT.

In short by writing a letter to us and getting our prices—we deliver all instruments—

You Can Save From $40 to $60 on an Organ.

Address,

***RYNDER'S MUSIC STORE,* Lock Haven, Pa.**

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

C. D. KELLER,

BISHOP STREET BELLEFONTE, PENNA,

is now prepared, at the Old Stand on Bishop Street, to sell

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes, Carpets,

CEDAR AND WILLOW WARE, &C, &C,

at greatly reduced prices. He is also prepared to purchase

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN!

FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY THE

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE!

ASH PURCHASERS WILL FIND SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS THERE
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NEW ARRANGEMENT!

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Sussman & Guggenheimer, except the Leather and Shoe-findings, has filled up his shelves with a lot of

SPLENDID NEW GOODS,

embracing

READY MADE CLOTHING,

DRESS GOODS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

AND FANCY ARTICLES

and is now prepared to accomodate all his old customers, and to welcome all new ones who may favor him with their patronage. He feels safe in saying that he can please the most fastidious Call and see.

ISAAC GUGGENHEIMER.

P. S.—Mr. Sussman still continues to deal in

LEATHER AND SHOE-FINDINGS, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS, in the old room, where he may alway be found. 12ap.tf.

WAR! WAR!

On High Prices.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

H. R. SMITH,
of Potters Mills.

NEW GOODS!

We would most respectfully infrom his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has taken possession of Thompson's old quarters, which have been remodeled and improved, and is now prepared to accommodate all who may favor him by calling.

NEW GOODS!

He has just received one of the largest stocks of all kinds of Merchandize ever brought to Centre county, which he intends to sell at scuh figures as will make it an object for all persons to purchase. Families laying in winter supplies of Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., should not fail to give him a call, as he feels confident his prices and superior quality of goods will amply satisfy all. His stock of

GROCERIES

consists of Coffees of the best quality, Teas, Sugars of all kinds, Molasses, Fish, Salt, Cheese, Dried Fruit, Spices, Provisions, Flour and Feed, &c., &c. Our stock of

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is large and varied, and we will just say can supply any article in that line, without enumerating.

READYMADECLOTHING

a large stock of ready-made Clothing for Men and Boys' wear, which we will dispose of at a very small advance on cost.

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Notions, Fancy Goods, Carpets, Oil-cloths, Wall Papers, Window Shades, &c.,

Graham & Son,

Boot & Shoe Makers

Next door to D C Keller's Store Bellefonte

From the German of Heine.

Where shall yet the wanderer jaded
In the grave at last recline?
In the South, by palm-trees shaded?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
Be entombed by foreign hands?
Shall I sleep, beyond's life's peril,
By some seacoast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars for death-lamps nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

Farm, Garden and Household.

FOWLS.—Fowls to be fattened, should be shut up in flocks of twelve, in a light airy pen, five by six feet; feed them three times a day all they will eat (no more) on scalded horse feed. Mix with this plenty of powdered charcoal. At night throw them all the corn they will pick up. Furnish plenty of gravel and pure water, and in one week they will do for market. The yellow legged fowls will always look best when fat.

TO TAN SKINS AND LEAVE THE FUR ON.—Remove the legs and other useless parts; soak the skin soft; remove the flesh and soak the skin in warm water for an hour; take for each skin, of borax, saltpeter and glauber salts, each one-half ounce; dissolve with soft water sufficient to allow it to be spread on the flesh side of the skin; apply it with a brush, double the skin together and put in a cool place for twenty-four hours.

CEMENTS.—A receipt for cement to stop cracks in glass vessels, to resist moisture and heat, is thus given in the *Scientific American*: Dissolve caseine in cold saturated solution of borax, and with this solution paste strips of hog's or bullock's bladder (softened in water) on the cracks of glass, and dry at a gentle heat; if the vessel is to be heated, coat the bladder on the outside before it has become quite dry, with a paste of a rather concentrated solution silicate of soda and quick lime or plaster of Paris.

PITS FOR POTATOES.—Pits for potatoes should be made on dry soil and where there is no danger of water standing in the spring. Our own plan is to make a deep dead furrow with a plow, and then throw out the soil on each side so to make the bottom of the pit about three feet wide. Cover the potatoes with four or five inches of straw, and then throw a light coat of soil, about sufficient to cover the straw, leaving some ventilators at top. Just before winter sets in, put on another coat of straw and cover it with earth. This second coat of straw holds dead air between two layers of earth, and will keep out the severest frost.—*Agriculturist.*

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.—Clean carefully; cut in thin strips; stew in water until the bitterness is extracted; drain off the water and stew again for half an hour in a sirup of sugar and water, allowing half pint of water and a pound of sugar to each pound of peel. Put it aside in jars, and keep it in a cool place. If desired, a little cinnamon and ginger may be stewed with the peel, but it is more delicate cooked simply with sugar. Lemon peel may be prepared in the same manner, either alone or mixed with orange peel. These form pleasant "relishes" eaten with cake or bread, or if chopped finely when prepared they form excellent flavoring for puddings and pies.

WELL-FLAVORED BUTTER.—How can it be expected that butter of good flavor can be produced from pastures foul with every strong-flavored weed? From early spring, when garlic abounds, up to fall, when the golden-rod and ragweed cover the pastures and meadows, cows rarely get a bite of grass or glover free from admixture with weeds. And when it is known that these strong and often disagreeable flavors concentrate in the milk, and that every impurity in the milk seems to concentrate in the butter, how can it then be otherwise than the great bulk of butter coming to market should be poor in quality, and poorer still in profitable returns to the farmers? Here is the strongest argument for clean pastures and meadows, and such farming *as will* raise *feed* and not weeds.—*Agricultural.*

A DELICACY.—Leaves of various kinds impart most pleasant and delicate flavor in the various dishes prepared for the table. Peach, almond and laurel leaves are richly charged with the essence of bitter almonds. They must, of course, be used with caution; but an infusion of these leaves may be readily made and used by the tea-spoonful. It is said that the leaves of the common syringa are useful for flavoring and that they taste like cucumbers, and may be used as a substitute for salads. The young leaves of cucumbers have a flavor like the fruit, and leaves of celery flavor soup as well as the stalks. The young leaves of the gooseberry are recommended as an excellent addition to bottled fruit. Current leaves flavor not unlike the fruit; so also the leaves of the orange, lemon, and citron.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—We find the following commended: If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a larger number of cases than any half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a heaping teaspoon of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach, and least there be any remnant of a poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacup of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

KEEPING CABBAGES.—We make a deep and wide "dead furrow" with a plow, in dry, sandy soil; and then lay the cabbages in it, packed close together, with the stalks up. Then threw the earth back on to the cabbages. The cabbages should be dry and the weather cold, and care should be taken that the furrow left on the side of the row of cabbages should be cleaned out, so as to carry off the water. If no water gets to the cabbages, and the heads are sound, large, and hard when put in, we have never experienced any difficulty in keeping them perfectly until spring. And there is nothing that our sheep relish so much. The only trouble about raising cabbages for stock is that they usually command so much more in market than they are worth to feed out, that it is difficult to resist the temptation to sell them.—*Agriculturist.*

SUCCESS IN FARMING.—Much of the success we observe among the best class of farmers, says *Coleman's Rural World*, results from calculation skill and energy. A man to fully succeed on the farm must be an intelligent investigator. He should at least understand the character of his soils, and how to handle them, and the best time to do it. He should understand the principles of the laws of nature fully and clearly. He must know the effect of each manure upon each particular soil. In fact the successful farmer must be a scholar and a teacher. It is not enough that he knows mechanically how to plow and reap. He should understand when to do it, and the relation of the elements, one to the other. The benefit of a rotation of crops should be a part of his farm knowledge; subsoiling, the application of manures, and their effects upon each particular cereal should be clearly understood. Any man can be a botch on a farm if he wills it; but to have success in farming there is much to learn. To be a complete farmer, there is more study, research and experience necessary than to fit a man to be a physician, merchant or lawyer.

Some Scotch miners at Wishaw recently did a remarkable thing. They voluntarily refused an advance of a shilling a day in their wages, on the ground that the coal masters had raised the price of coal seven shillings per ton. The men were unwilling to lie under the imputation of having occasioned this rise, and so, in a public meeting, requested the masters to "take the last advance off the price, and take back the shilling."

The Siege of Leyden.

The siege of Leyden, Holland, which was commenced late in May, 1574, is a noteworthy fact in the history of that country. This city one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands, stood in the midst of broad pastures and green meadows that had been reclaimed from the sea. Over these fertile fields many an eager eye was soon to be cast, in the hope that the waters might be seen again rolling over the land once their bed. From the first, preparations were made for a long siege All the food was put into the hands of the authorities and doled out by weight, half a pound of meat, and as much bread daily to a man, and a due proportion to women and children. The Prince of Orange implored the citizens to hold out for three months, assuring them that within that time he would devise some means for their deliverance. He had no force with which to raise the siege, but he held a position which would enable him to cut through the dykes and allow the ocean to reclaim the land which had been wrested from it. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," exclaimed the patriots as they calmly devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The waters that should flood the Spanish camp would also bear supplies to the town. We need not dwell upon the mere fighting during this siege. It was a repetition of the scenes of Harlem and Alkmaar. Early in August the sluices were opened and the waters began slowly to rise. The bread in the city was gone, the only food left was malt cake. On the 21st a letter reached the Prince from the city, stating that they had fulfilled their promise. They had held out three months—Two with food and one without. Their malt cake would last but four days longer. The Prince lay ill of a fever; but from the sick bed he directed all the operations. Five miles from Leyden was the great dyke, called the Land-Scheiding. The piercing of the outer dykes had already laid the ten miles between this and the ocean under water. The besieging forces lay between this Land-Scheiding and the city. If this dyke were cut through, the Spanish intrenchments would be flooded, and it was supposed that the waters would float the boats of the deliverers, laden with provisions to the very walls of the beleaguered city. It was now the 11th of September and still the starving town held out. On that night the Land-Scheiding was pierced, and the boats passed through the gaps. But it was found that another dyke three buarters of a mile beyond, intervened. This had been left unguarded by the Spaniards and was also breached. Yet now the waters diffused over so large a space rose but slowly. A strong east wind also was driving them back toward the sea. So passed a week from the time of the opening of the Land-Scheiding, and the boats lay aground three miles from the city. But on the 18th the wind veered and blew a gale from the northwest. The waters rose; the armada was again afloat, and came within a mile and three-fourths of the city. Again the wind veered, the waters fell, leaving the boats fast aground. In the narrow space between the town and the fleet lay now the beleaguering forces. They knew that the town was at its last gasp, and tauntingly called the defenders cat eaters and dog eaters. "It is true" they replied, and so long as you hear a cat mew or a dog bark, ye may know that we hold out, and when all has perished but ourselves, we will devour our own left arms and fight you with the right. When the last hour has come we will set fire to the city and perish in the flames." Still the fleet lay stranded, and the city vanes pointed ever eastward. Until the wind changed the waters would not rise. At last on the second of October, a violent equinoctial storm arose from the west, dashing the waters in upon the land, over the ruined dykes. The vessels were again afloat for the city walls. Two strong forts lay in their way which might have disputed their advance. But the Spaniards were panic stricken at being thus invaded by the ocean, and poured tumultuously over the narrow dyke which formed the only path to the firm land. The wild Zealand sailors, almost amphibious leaped from their vessels upon the retreating masses, and drove them from the crumbling dyke into the sea. So, on the morning of the third of October, Leyden was relieved. On the very next day the wind again shifted and drove the waters back. In a few days the land was again bare: and the work of reconstructing the dykes was begun.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.—In Bohemia the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding is termed the "Diamond Wedding." Formerly it was kept on the seventy-fifth anniversary. It may be imagined few couples live to see their seventy-fifth wedding day come round, and probably that is the reason why fifteen years have been taken off. In the last week of carnival this year an aged couple celebrated their Diamond Wedding in the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Ghost in Prague. The husband is eighty-five years old and the wife eighty-three. The old man—a cooper by trade—has lived and carried on business in the same house for sixty years. The church was crowded, for, in addition to the interest attached to the wedding, Cannon Stultz, a much beloved and popular clergyman, gave an address, after which a mass was read. The old couple were led to the altar, as a mark of respect, by masters of the trade of coopers, Kneeling down bol so pleasantly in the field, and look so innocent and friendly, that by degrees his terror subsides, and he continues to graze. Then the wolves slowly seperate, one going to the front of the horse, the other to his rear, and both frisking about as amiably, and apparently as unconcerned as before. Slowly and cautiously they approach the doomed steed with equal steps; when they are within springing distance—they can cover over twenty feet at a bound—both dash at him together, one at his head the other at his hamstrings. Horses are proverbially helpless under some circumstances; this is one of them. The most the poor creature does is to turn round and round uttering cries of pain. In a few seconds the wolf who attacked him from behind—this being the main attack—has cut the sinews of his legs, and he falls helplessly to the ground. Then the whole pack come rushing down, howling, and each eager to tear a morsel from the living carcass. There is little left for the vultures.

POOR CURATES.—Rev. Robert Collyer relates the following anecdote in illustration of the poverty and struggles often encountered and borne by the poor curates of London: "I had, in the summer of 1871, a talk with a clergyman in the church of England, who was then rector of a church which gave him a very fair living; but before this he had been a curate in London with a very large family, as ministers generally have, and an income of less than a hundred pounds a year—not more than eighty if my memory serves me. It was desperate work, he said, to make ends meet—so desperate that there came a time when there was not a penny or a crust left in the house or a pint of milk for the bairns. 'Then,' he said, 'I sat down to think what I should do; and when I made up my mind about the course I must take, I went up to my wife (as noble and true a woman as ever this world heard of) and said, 'My dear, we have done our very best and this is the end, Now, I will tell you what we must do. We are citizens of London, have paid our rates and taxes right along, and are entitled to all the help there is. We will go to the poorhouse to-morrow morning and ask them to take us in. We have a perfect right to go there, and we will go." She said, "That is right," and began at once to get ready for the poorhouse, but that day I got a letter from some one, inclosing five pounds. There was no signature; I don't know to this day who sent it, but that five pounds saved us from taking that step, and tided us over to quarter day."

POOR CHILD.—A lame girl, who had not, for fourteen years, once left the third-story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursion in Philadelphia. When carried to the park she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

How They Save in Germany.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up, and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, etc. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and his economy.

In Germany, nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and of the cows are carrried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples, lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows by the roadside, and river, and brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home, on the heads of women and children, in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose grass which covers waste places, is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on banks, by roadsides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church yards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy. The very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuge of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are gathered and stocked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected, and sold for lighting fires.

No Horses for Funerals.

The following article from a Buffalo, N. Y., paper, shows how serious the horse distemper is in that district:—Nearly all the livery-stable keepers in town have closed their barns temporarily, and it is almost a matter of impossibility to obtain a carriage or conveyance of any kind from the livery men. It does not follow that all the livery horses in town are suffering from the disease, but it is a fact that the great majority are, and the owners are acting on the wise principle that "prevention is better than cure," and are taking extra care of their horses, whether sick or well. It has become a matter of difficulty to obtain horses even for funerals, and those which have turned out have been more or less affected with the disease. The horses belonging to the street railroad company are almost all affected, but at last accounts only two were dangerously sick, the others suffering but slightly, although kept in the barns as tended ev fire cars off the line, and made the time seven and a half minutes instead of six, as formerly. The prospect is not cheering, and the company will probably have to make still further reductions. The Buffalo Omnibus Company have ceased using their horses altogether for a few days, but intend to resume as soon as fresh horses can be obtained. The animals belonging to the Company are either sick at their barns on Green street, or at the farm of Mr. Tyler. The disease appears to be particularly prevalent among the horses of public hackmen. There are something like ninety licensed hackmen in the city, and we were told on Saturday evening that out of this large number there were but three hacks running. The stands are deserted, and passengers are mostly obliged to walk to and from the depots.

NORTHWESTERN WOLVES.—Most ferocious is the Northwestern wolf, an animal of wonderful strength and sagacity, found in Northern Oregon and the British possessions. As a general rule the bear and buffalo will not attack man; but in spring the wolf flies at every living thing he sees. Horses are his usual prey, and them he pursues with almost human cunning.

When a band of wolves discover a horse, they encamp at some little distance, all the troop squatting on their hams except two old fellows, who sally forth toward the horse. He is frightened at first by his visitors; but they gambol so pleasantly in the field, and look so innocent and friendly, that by degrees his terror subsides, and he continues to graze. Then the wolves slowly seperate, one going to the front of the horse, the other to his rear, and both frisking about as amiably, and apparently as unconcerned as before. Slowly and cautiously they approach the doomed steed with equal steps; when they are within springing distance—they can cover over twenty feet at a bound—both dash at him together, one at his head the other at his hamstrings. Horses are proverbially helpless under some circumstances; this is one of them. The most the poor creature does is to turn round and round uttering cries of pain. In a few seconds the wolf who attacked him from behind—this being the main attack—has cut the sinews of his legs, and he falls helplessly to the ground. Then the whole pack come rushing down, howling, and each eager to tear a morsel from the living carcass. There is little left for the vultures.

The Exodus from Alsace.

An English paper says the roads in Alsace especially from Metz to Nancy, these last few days have been such as to recall the great popular emigrations of olden times. Conveyances of all sorts loaded with furniture and intermingled with pedestrians followed each other without interruption. The greater portion, pressed by the fatal date, and lacking the means of transport, have only taken part of their belongings with them, while not a few have been only able to bear away as much as the wheelbarrow could contain which they trundled before them. A still larger number have left their hearths and homes with some clothes hung on the end of a stick, the wife carrying the youngest of the children and the rest trudging on behind. In Metz there are only seventeen recruits remaining all unfit for service; and at Obernai, in Alsace, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, there are only three, of whom one alone is qualified for service. A letter from Mulhouse in the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* says: "The work of option went on till a late hour last night, and to-morrow there will probably be still more seeking to make up for lost time at the last hour." The town of Metz, if the statistics published are at all trustworthy, must be absolutely depopulated. No fewer than 18,000 are alleged to have left during the last fortnight reducing the population of the town to 10,000, exclusive of the 25,000 German troops who keep watch and ward over them. Even in Havre, which does not seem a very likely place to have any large number of Alsatians and Lorrainers, the number who have chosen the French nationality reaches 1,400. These facts are evidently making an impression upon the Germans by revealing to them the difficulties of the task they have undertaken. The North German *Gazette*, putting the best face on the matter, says: "The condition of the Elsass Lothringen now will be the foundation of its further development, the seed of its future prosperity." But when it adds that "Germany sees without regret those long trains of exiles who in the last days have turned their backs on the Empire and set their faces towards France, whither their interests and sympathies lead them," the assertion is belied by its own words. It consoles itself with a glimpse of the far off future, when "the grand-children of those who to-day still contemplate with sorrow the change in their national life will sometime gratefully bless the day of the Versailles preliminaries and this very 1st of October on which they have been delivered from foreign rule and from foreign agitation." In the meantime, we are told Germany does not expect sympathy with the new relations from the inhabitants; but the Government may claim their confidence, which will increase from year to year until at last "from generation to generation love and trust will grow more and more." All this, however, is only visible to the eye of faith and not to that of sight. Another German paper the Strasbourg *Gazette* professes that it never expected the assimilation of Elsass-Lothringen with the German mother country would be instantaneous, that a population of 1,500,000 should in a year or two lay aside the characteristics that have been stamped on it by education and training, by thousand fold personal associations, and by living historical memories." It relies, however, upon a section of the population that has never lost its German sentiments, which forms the nucleus of a German party, not numerous, indeed, but exemplifying the best elements of our national party. Nevertheless, the Strasbourg *Gazette* acknowledges that the majority still remains in a passive or even hostile attitude to Germany, a fact which neither causes it surprise nor alarm, since from the outset it looked for nothing else. The Germans, it is evident, are not, at all events, deceiving themselves—as in like circumstances the French would probably do—regarding the immense difficulties of the task lying before them.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—"The Rev. Mr. Martin of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land speculations in Maine, several of his parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his prayer-meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were going to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said: 'Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?' "Some one spoke up and said, 'He is gone to Bangor.' "Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out, 'Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?' 'He has gone to Bangor," another answered. "Again the pastor asked, "'Squire Clark, will you pray?' 'The 'Squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked around upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said, 'The choir will sing BANGOR, and then we will dismiss the meeting!'"

PERILS OF INFANCY.—It is not hard to destroy the life of a child. The vanity, or imprudence of a fond mother often causes the calamity she would have given her life to avert. For instance, what an army of children have been destroyed by the absurd custom of exposing their necks and arms! And yet this fashion is tolerated because it is "so pretty." To illustrate the danger to which a child is thus exposed, it is only necessary to say that many children have been cured of habitual cough and hoarseness by keeping their arms and hands warm. Another fruitful source of danger to the young, is found in the foolish indulgence which will not withhold from them colored candies. An English chemist recently made an examination into the quality of these sweetmeats, and found that out of thirty-five different kinds, obtained from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison most commonly used is some preparation of lead. The diseases caused by lead poison are among the most terrible which are produced by anything. This experiment will serve as a warning to parents to practice greater care in providing sweetmeats for their children. If they are to be used at all, it is safer to make them at home. Then you know what they contain.

HIS WATCH.—It came to the knowledge of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that a corporal of his bodyregiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. Frederick, wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Corporal," said he, "you must have been a prudent fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself I am brave, sir," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The King taking out a watch set with diamonds, said, My watch points at five. How much is yours?" Shame and confusion first appeared in the corporal's face: at length, he drew out his bullet, and answered with a firm voice: "My watch, sir, shows me neither five nor six, but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your Majesty." the King replied: "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

A CARELESS DISTRIBUTION.—The Treasurer of the Hall and Elton Manufacturing Company, of Wallingford, Conn., often brings packages of money from New York or New Haven to the firm, and when he has business North goes through on the express train without stopping throwing the package out to an employe stationed near the track to receive it. The treasurer came up on the noon express train, and finding his colleague in waiting, threw out a package containing $6,000. He didn't throw it quite far enough, and it was struck by the train and ripped open, the greenbacks being distributed with great looseness. The money was gathered up as far as possible, but at last accounts $600 was missing.

Sights in Algiers.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* chats pleasantly about what he saw in Algiers:

Any of the streets ascending the hill from the Place de Chartres—which may almost be considered as the extreme limit of the European town—will lead immediately to the Mahomedan quarter. Here will be found obscure and frequently vaulted narrow thoroughfares, resembling alleys, bordered by houses, where the monotony of the bare plaster walls is only broken at wide intervals by small casements crossed with iron bars, and low arched doorways. There are no gardens or vendure, and hardly a foot of even sickly looking vine or fig tree dying amidst the rubbish of its crossways; there are mosques so surrounded by buildings that they can hardly be seen, vapor baths whither people go mysteriously, the men at night, the women in the day time. In a word, the Mahomedan quarter of Algiers is a compact and confused mass of masonry, where almost every vestige of life is hidden, and where it seems as if it were forbidden that gayety should be heard. The doors of the houses are never opened but half way, and they then close again by their own weight. Everything looks suspicious about these curious buildings, which are admirably adapted for their masters' love of secresy. The small casements looking on to the street are barred, and every kind of precaution is taken against curiosity from without and indiscretion from within. Inside these bare, dismal-looking walls and massive doors, resembling the gates of citadels, are the two great mysteries of the country—namely, the personal fortune of its inhabitants, and its women, of neither of which much is known. Money hardly circulates. It is only seen passing from the hand of an Arab to an Arab hand, and is only used to purchase the ordinery daily necessities of life, and jewelry. The women go out but seldom. In public they are invariably closely veiled, and the baths, which are their usual places of resort, are inviolable. Passing along these lonely alleys, beside these silent dwellings, one hears noises which are almost imperceptible to the human ear, and whispers which might be mistaken for sighs. At times it is the sound of a voice coming through an aperture in the wall, or decending from the terrace on the roof of the house; at others it is the whimpering of a child complaining in a strange tongue, whose fisp mingled with sobs has no signification for a foreign ear; at others again it is the strain of an instrument, whose unique note, slowly marking the measure of an unheard song, seems to accompany a dream. It is thus that the captive consoles herself, dreaming of a liberty which she has never had, and which she cannot understand. There is an Arab proverb which says: "When a woman has seen the guest, she cares no more for her husband," and upon this precept the whole system of conjugal life among Mahomedans is based. Their houses, whether they be agreeable or not to those by whom they are inhabited, whether their interiors be luxurious or poor, are prisons. They are like iron safes, of which the avaricious masters have the keys, and within which they lock up all their secrets, so that no one may know what they possess.

DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER.—"She sits by the fire—dear old lady!—with nicely crimped and plaited cap-border, and the old-fashioned spectacles; as pleasant a picture of the Home Grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. She is the oracle of the family; the record of births, deaths, and marriages; the narrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening log falls to ashes. What should we do *without* the Home Grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful 'special pleader' she is, when the switch trembles over the little erring favorite's head! 'Are you punished often?' inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate. 'No!' was the prompt and half-indignant answer: '*no!* I've got a grandmother!' Love that good woman. Sit at her feet, and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Although she knows no grammar—perhaps can not tell the boundaries of distant states, or the history of nations—she has that, perhaps, which excels all learned lore. She has *life's wisdom.* She has fought life's battle, and has conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears, and sorrow, and suffering! Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and tell you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting, like her, in a blissful hereafter." Every reader, who is so fortunate as to count among his *children's* household gods" a *good grandmother*, will see, in this graphic little sketch a reflection of an influence which is only second to that of the mother of his offspring.

HOW AN INDIAN COMMITS SUICIDE.—Some time since an Indian by the name of Solomon Sau-ba, was found lying in the road, near the Coldwater bridge, in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Mich., with a fatal wound in the throat. He was brought to the village, and a post-mortem examination held. It appears from the testimony that he left home about daylight, to go to a camp of hunters on the Pine river, near Millbrook. He had gone about four miles from home, on the direct route to his destination. When found, his body was yet warm, but life was extinct. It seems that he unsheathdd his knife, which is a bowie, with a blade about eight inches long and one-and-a-half wide, and with one heavy stroke thrust it into his neck, just above the breast-bone, the knife passing downward and a trifle to the left, to the depth of about five inches, and inflicting a wound in the aorta, about one-half an inch wide. The blood in the road indicated that he had walked about six rods after the fatal stab before he fell. He had sheathed the knife and held it in his right hand, his hand resting on his breast. There were no signs of a scuffle, and no traces of foul play.

BENTON AND HIS FAMILY.—In a speech of Tom Benton, delivered some time ago, we find the following extract:—"What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch in Congress; have made a name to which I can add nothing, and I should only be anxious to save what has been gained. I have domestic relations sorely lacerated in these times; a wife whom I never neglected, and who needs my attention now more than ever; children, some separated from me by expanse of oceans and continents, and others, by the slender bounds which separate time from eternity. I touch the age which the Psalmist assigns as the limit of manly life, and must be thoughtless indeed if I do not think of something beyond the flitting and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all of which I have seen the vanity. "What of my own reflection? Ask the undertaker, that good Mr. Lynch, whose face, present on so many mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. *He* knows what occupies my thoughts and my cares: gathering the bones of the dead—a mother, a sister, two sons, a grandchild; planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those who are most dear to me are soon to be laid!"

BADLY TREATED.—Some of the Commune prisoners in the citadel of Port Louis lately wrote a letter to the *Corsaire* giving some account of the way in which they are treated there. Their food consists entirely of dry vegetables, and, combined with sea air and want of tobacco, has given rise to diseases of the gums; scurvy is prevalent in its worst forms, and the whole medical treatment prisoners receive consists of pills of bismuth and aloes. In the infirmary the beds are without sheets, and are, in fact, nothing but pieces of tent canvas. The suffering is naturally great, and no measures have been taken to lessen it although the Secretary of the Interior has been memorialized about the matter.

Jane Howard of Dubuque, wants $4,060 because John Collins said she would carry off a stove if it wasn't too hot and too heavy. People should be careful how they converse about stoves.

The Laura Fair Affair.

That Laura Fair business in San Francisco is not settled yet it seems. Laura shot and killed Crittenden, and after a lengthy trial was turned loose to make a havoc in the well. Her first move was to commence suit against her mother for $16,000 loaned her; the second was to dodge the late Crittenden's son who was following her with a pistol, evidently intending to serve her as she had served his father. Laura's mother lost her case and had to pay over the money, and there in open court, Mrs. Lane, the mother, took laudanum, creating a sensation. Physicians and stomach pumps were sent for and in a short time the mother was out of danger. When Laura came to the court-room and found her mother recovering from the effects of the poison, the following very pleasant conversation took place:

"Well! mother," Laura exclaimed in a passionate tone. "What's this? Good gracious! do you want to bring more disgrace on us! Haven't we made sensation enough that you should go and do this?"

"Hush! child," exclaimed the mother in a low, feeble voice, "I've nothing to live—for!—I—wanted—to—die!" and with this she fell into a violent fit of weeping.

"Well," said Mrs. Fair—her anger now rising to the highest pitch—"then why didn't you take enough of the stuff to finish you, and make one job of it?"

At this speech the ladies in the room were horror-stricken, and one or two of them hastily left the room.

"Oh, Laura, don't be angry," murmured the woman, "but why did you drag me into the court, and why did you put that dear little child on the stand to swear against its grandmother? Oh, Laura you are killing me—you are killing me. I want to die! (turning to the attendants), why didn't you let me die?"

"Look here," replied MRS. Fair, in her wild, passionate way; "if you are going to die here before all these people, I want you to swear that my child spoke the truth on that stand. You know she did, and yet you and your lawyers tried to make her out a liar!"

"Well, she's out of danger, ain't she?" asked Mrs. Fair of the doctor. The doctor said he hoped so. "Well, I don't see that I can do any good; so I'll go," she said. And after a few more pleasant little passages between mother and daughter, the latter vanished and did not again appear on the scene. Once during the evening she sent down to the hotel to see how her mother was, but that was all. Mrs. Lane kept on improving, and soon she was out of all danger. There were some doubts expressed by many as to whether Mrs. Lane had really taken poison. It was thought she had merely got up the scene as a means of getting her daughter to come in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. In the way of sensation Laura Fair and family are hard to beat.

Jackson and Miller.

The brave Colonel Miller was asked at the bloody battle near Niagara Falls, if he could take a certain battery. "I'll try," was his answer, and the exploit was soon accomplished. He was collector of the port of Salem, Massachusetts, when Andrew Jackson became President. Some politicians in whom the General reposed confidence, wished him removed and one of their men appointed in his place. He was represented to Jackson as incompetent and a political opponent. There seemed cause for his removal, and the name of the other man was sent to the Senate. Colonel Benton asked to have the nomination laid over, for he was certain that the President had been misled. He called upon Jackson, and asked, "Do you know who is the collector of the port of Salem, sir, whom you are about to remove?" "No," replied the President; "I can't think of his name; but I know he is an incompetent man, and a New England Hartford Convention Federalist, for G—— and H—— told me so." "Sir," said Benton, "the incumbent is General Miller a brave soldier on the Niagara frontier." The President, excited with emotion, said, "Not the General Miller who said "I'll try," when asked if he could take that battery at Bridgewater!" "The same," responded Benton. Jackson pulled a bell violently and when the servant appeared, he said, "Tell Colonel Donelson I want him, quick. Donelson," said the President, as soon as he entered, "I want the name of the fellow nominated for collector at Salem withdrawn instantly. These politicians are the most remorseless scoundrels alive. Write a letter to General Miller, and tell him he shall hold the office as long as Andrew Jackson lives. Stay—I'll write it myself; the assurance will be more gratifying from a brother soldier." That promise was faithfully kept.

A NATION OF LIARS.—The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely, and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruit; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce sufficient coffee for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing. They are generally of short stature, very effeminate-looking, apathetic, and such liars that it is impossible to depend upon their word. If they may but repose for hour after hour under a tree, with a piece of bread-fruit beside them, they seem to care for little else. The men wear their hair turned up behind with a comb, the height of the comb denoting the rank of the wearer. This, and the small features, gives them altogether such an effeminate appearance that it is difficult for Europeans to distinguish them from females. A visitor lately entered one of the schools, and, seeing a row of boys sitting with their backs towards him, and each with a comb in his head, unconsciously asked if boys and girls were educated together. One of the natives of high rank was lately called on to give evidence at a trial, and swore such complete falsehoods that he was imprisoned for perjury. He applied to the English government and, with surprise, asked why he should be punished for what his people did. "My father," he said, "was a liar, and my grandfather was a liar, and we are all liars. It is the custom of my country. Why should I be punished?"

M. ABOUT AND HIS "LITTLE ONES."—M. About, in one of his letters, written during his captivity in Strasburg, after the recent fall of the city, describes the occasional visits of his friends and relatives, of his children's visit, he writes: "Our two oldest daughters came one day with their mother, and God knows with what impatience I awaited their arrival. But their presence, after all, only saddened us. These two children, ordinarily so lively, seemed quite stupefied at the sight of the prison bars. The youngest sat herself on my knee, hid her head in my bosom, and remained thus for nearly an hour without prattling, only replying in monsyllables to questions put to her, and solely occupied in keeping back her tears. The elder, who is seven years old, kept going and coming between the parlor and the entrance, looking alternately at the keeper in his chamber, the sentinel in the court, and the bolt of a neighboring cell, and pulling mechanically at the strings of her little hat. I was almost ashamed to cause such pretty birds to be imprisoned in so shameful a cage, and I abridged their visit as much as possible, feeling quite a relief when I was alone again."

GOOD SEED.—We have met farmers, says *Rural New Yorker*, who have a local reputation for producing the best wheat, rye, oats, corn and potatoes, who have gained and maintained it by a careful selection and use of the best seed these respective crops produced from year to year. Some of them have secured what are regarded distinct varieties, by watching their fields and selecting such stalks of grain as showed remarkable growth and perfectness of development. Any farmer with care, can do the same thing.

A prudent match-making mamma gave the following candid advice to her daughter: "Oh, marry the man you love girl, if heis as rich as Croesus.

For any information about *Railroad Bonds*, you should write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall St. N. Y.

CROPS.—The cereal crops of the United States for 1871 aggregated 1,650,000,000 bushels valued at $1,000,000,000. About 125,000,000 reached the seaboard. Of the latter quantity New York received about 80 per cent. and Boston, Philadelphia and other ports the remainder. These crops are mainly transported by canal, but the tendency is toward more extensive transportation by rail. It is estimated that, during the present year, 18,000,000 bushels will be moved entirely and 35,000,000 bushels partly by rail, leaving on the basis of last year's crops about 82,000,000 bushels to be moved wholly by water.

The Investment of Savings.

A prominent New England banker having sold to his customers a considerable amount of Northern Pacific Railroad bonds decided to make an examination of the accessible parts of the line of the road, to see for himself the character and progress of the work, the quality of the company's lands, the nature of the country traversed, and the prospects of the enterprise generally. He spent three months of the present season in making the tour, going first to the Pacific coast and visiting the route in Washington Territory, along the Puget Sound Basin and Columbia Valley, to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, then returning eastward and spending considerable time in Dakota and Minnesota.

After thorough examination he concludes: 1. That in not a single particular, so far as he can judge, do the publications of the Railroad Company overstate the advantages of the route, while in many regards those advantages exceed any published statement; 2. The work is advancing both from the East and the West at a satisfactory rate; 3. Intelligence, honesty and energy mark the management of the enterprise in the field; 4. A large and lucrative traffic awaits the completion of the various sections of the line; 5. The resources possessed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in its munificent grant of fertile land with accompanying privileges, are more than sufficient, when properly developed, to cover the cost of building and equipping the entire Road, and provide depots, docks and other facilities; 6. The belt of country along the middle of which the road runs, and whose trade, travel and business are naturally tributary to it, embraces the finest body of unoccupied land on the continent; 7. With efficient management (which seems to be amply guaranteed by the high character and well-known experience and ability of the Directory), the lands and traffic of the company should render its first mortgage bonds one of the safest of investments, sure to rise much above par in market value on the completion of the road and the closing of the loan.

Now that Government bonds can no longer be purchased except at such high prices as to